

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

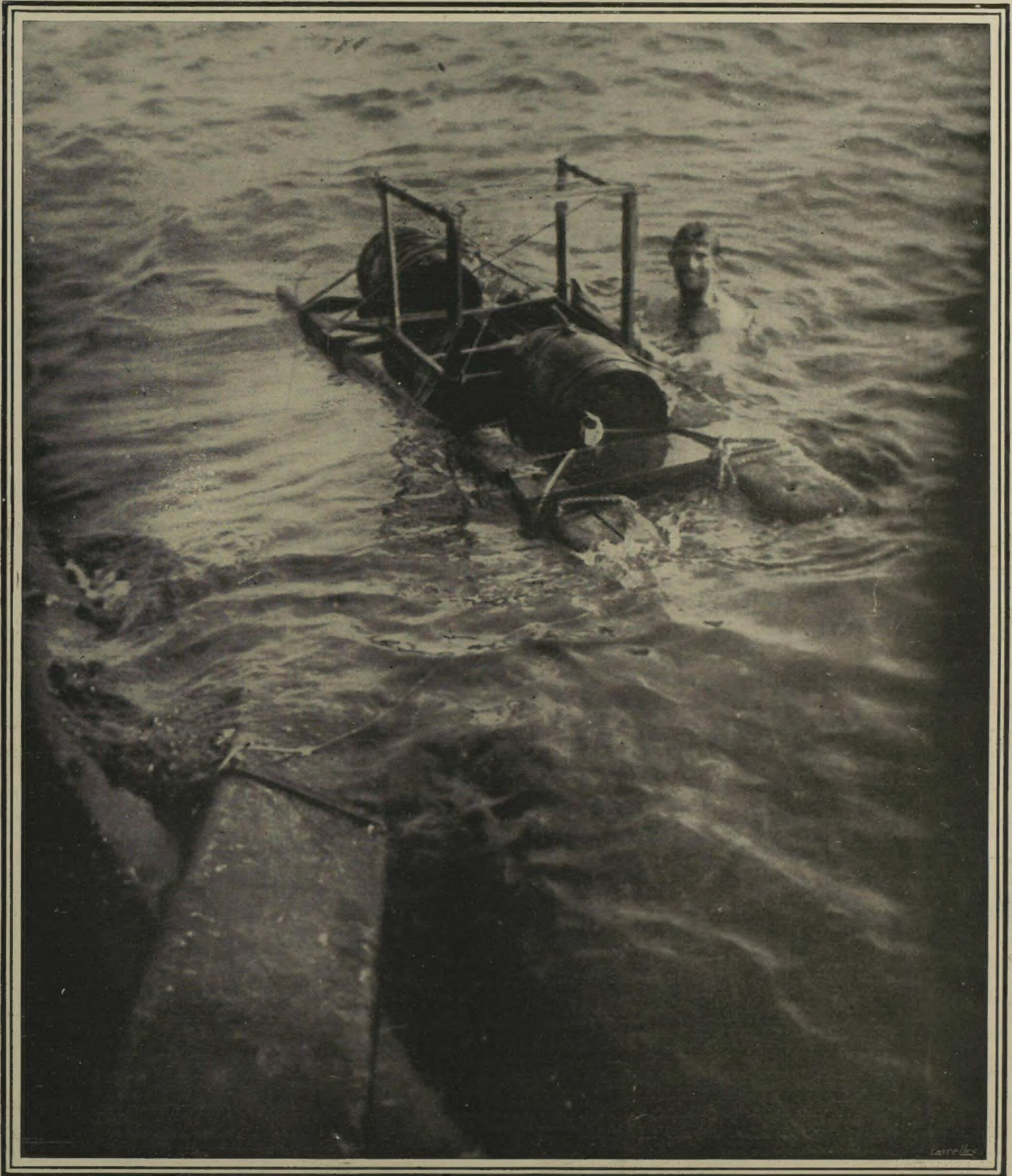
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SIXPENCE.

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SWIMMING FROM A SUBMARINE TO BLOW UP A DARDANELLES RAILWAY VIADUCT: LIEUT. GUY D'OYLY HUGHES STARTING OFF—  
WITH THE RAFT HOLDING THE DEMOLITION-CHARGE, CLOTHES, A REVOLVER, A BAYONET, AND AN ELECTRIC TORCH.

For nerve and resourcefulness, the exploit at the Dardanelles which won Lieut. D'Oyly Hughes, R.N., his D.S.O. is hard to match, even amid the welter of heroic deeds that our sailors and soldiers are performing everywhere and daily. He belonged to a submarine operating in the Sea of Marmora, and volunteered to swim ashore on the night of August 21 and attempt to blow up a viaduct on the Ismid railway. Stripped to the skin, he pushed through the water a raft carrying the demolition-charge and his clothes, with a revolver, sharp bayonet, and electric torch. A whistle was round

his neck. The nearest cliffs proving unscalable, he re-launched his raft and swam until able to climb up. The line was guarded, and, leaving the charge, he made for the viaduct. It was closely watched, and returning, he sought to blow up the line with the charge. The firing of the fuse-pistol alarmed the Turks, and he had to run back. The charge exploded as he got to the water. He swam with the raft, occasionally blowing his whistle, until his submarine picked him up. Part of the submarine is seen to the left of the photograph.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.

## PRESS CONTROVERSY AND FOREIGN OPINION.

A WORD TO ALLIES AND NEUTRALS.

IN the first fervently patriotic days of war, the nation abjured controversy. Parliament afforded the edifying spectacle of a body ruled by party solemnly setting party aside for the country's good. The Press applauded, and for a time tried to uphold this ideal consistently. In the main, it is still faithful to that aspiration, and of its patriotism, as a whole, there can be no reasonable doubt; but for some months past the patriotism of one section of the Press, in its hot desire to do its best for victory, has adopted methods that cannot be viewed with reassurance. The matter, in fact, has now reached a pitch of wrong-headedness likely to defeat its own end and to destroy that national unity without which we cannot hope to come triumphantly out of this present peril. It has become a peril within a peril.

The danger, it is hardly necessary to state, arises from the bad habit of continual grumbling and fault-finding into which certain journals have lately fallen. With this goes a disposition to suggest that we are officially deceived as to the facts of the campaign, and that our rulers are sluggish and discordant. There is also a tendency on the part of these journals to hint that they alone are honestly desirous to tell the hideous truth, which, because of the Censor, they may not reveal. Their conductors, are, it would seem, our only men of action, but their hands are miserably tied. In their abhorrence of what they consider false optimism, they have drifted into a dreary pessimism, that refuses to give any joyful touch even to good news. Pastmasters in the art of the head-line, they use that art to clothe victory in the rags of apparent defeat; and all the time they lift up pious hands and exclaim: "Others may hide the truth, not so we!"

Now, for ourselves, this is not exactly bracing, but here at home we might be content to pass it by, knowing that John Bull was ever a grumbler, and has a way of taking himself severely to task without abating one jot of his earnest purpose. And we know that, after all, it is only a single and definitely centralised section of the Press which is pulling these lugubrious faces and presenting us daily with the apparent spectacle of a nation at war within its own borders, a nation unable to combine on a profitable policy against the external foe. Worse still, in these last days it has represented us as a nation governed, or misgoverned, by incompetents and sluggards. Every day sees these journals running after some new whipping-boy to lay over their august knees. The sound of the slipper (we will not dignify the instrument with the venerable name of the rod) is loud in the land; but in this case the chastisement is no "celestial rain of thwacks." No solemn Busbeian castigation this, but rather the antics of an angry female who has lost her head in an access of spanking for spanking's sake.

As we say, we at home might afford to disregard this outburst, as the solid commonsense of the country certainly disregards it; but abroad the case is very different. What are our Allies and friendly Neutral States to make of the picture presented to them in such disquieting outlines? They cannot make the necessary discounts, for they have not the qualifying information. What they see is a Great Britain apparently enfeebled, internally quarrelsome, irresolute, blind to her own danger and unable to rally her strength for a supreme effort. By a bitter irony of circumstance, the daily journal which has most importance in the eyes of foreign nations, and to which they look for a true reflection of British opinion and affairs, offers no help at this crisis. Its clamour may be less strident than that of others, but it conveys the same impression of enfeebled rulers, inadequate forces, divided counsels, and wilful, nay, criminal, obscurantism in high places. This is the more deplorable when we remember that the impression of her own condition which Germany is careful to convey to the outer world is one of united purpose, grim and unyielding, of complete equipment and matchless efficiency. To heighten the dismal irony of it all, these mistaken (if well-meaning) British journals not only play the enemy's game by implication and suggestion, but, by direct statement when they even go out of their way to minimise successes, paint difficulties in the gloomiest colours, and glorify German organisers whom they name and whose works they extol. Who shall blame our foreign friends if they conclude that Great Britain has no such able men to help her, when they see part of the British Press thus exalting the men and methods of the enemy, and asking why we have none like them? Is it wonderful that smaller nations, halting on the borderline of decision, and fed by German lies, should take us at our own valuation, doubt our final triumph, and go over to the other side?

Here let us assure our many foreign readers, both Allies and Neutrals, that these Press carplings, backbitings, and despairs find no echo in the general heart of the British people. They spring from causes which cannot be analysed here, and they represent the views of only a small group of persons whose influence on the opinions of the nation is infinitesimal. In its counsels they do not count at all, and it is only our extraordinary national tolerance, our contempt for negligible irritations, that suffers their continuance and the daily aggravation of their error. The nation is like that stalwart gladiator, who, when an angry girl slapped him, remarked "Did a fly brush me then?" But we realise how these lugubrious wailings, scares, and beating of former idols, this stupid enmity of perverted patriotism, must mislead the intelligent and anxious observer abroad; and we would beg him to remember that these things have no counterpart in reality. Great Britain may be hard pressed, but she is strong, willing, resourceful, well-led, and eager. Her institutions, insular and peculiar, do not admit of her re-fashioning herself, impromptu, on models out of harmony with her genius. Let our friends abroad be certain that Great Britain is not living beneath the shadow of doubt, inefficiency, muddle, and Governmental disruption. In her own way, unhunted, "unrattled," she is moving, shoulder to shoulder with her Allies, to Victory.

## Edith Cavell.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is not much that can be said, or said easily, about the highest aspects of the murder of Edith Cavell. When we have said, "Dear in the sight of God is the death of his saints," we have said as much as mere literature has ever been able to say in the matter. But there are many lessons in it concerning the living problem with which we are still engaged. And one of the most important was in the sublimely simple and direct demeanour of the victim herself: especially in her candour and contempt of legalism. She was especially the representative of a full and ripe civilisation, as against that powerful half-civilisation which is attempting to destroy it, in the fact that she hungered and thirsted after the whole truth: that she was impatient of anything less than what the French, who are its great champions, call the *voilà vérité*. That spirit refuses to be defended by fallacies: it tears its way through sophistries like shrapnel through barbed wire, even when the barbed wire is erected as a defence for it. Like a far-seeing chess-player, it seems to spin out a game that is already decided. In this, as in so many things, it is in marked contrast with that pedantry which has become a poison in the Prussian brain. In the trial of the English nurse, the culprit summed up like a judge. And it was the judges who have shuffled like culprits.

Modern Germany is great in wealth and long preparation; it is not great in anything else; it is not even really great in tyranny. On every occasion it has hidden itself in that hasty network of excuses which its greatest victim especially despised. The quality of *meanness* curiously marks all its merely intellectual activities. It was the same, for instance, in the case of Belgium. In answer to that ancient and awful question: "Hast thou slain and also taken possession?" the Prussian is obliged to answer "Yes; and I have libelled, also." He stooped to declaring that he had at last found an excuse for a crime—which, in any case, he had committed without excuse. He had nothing to say in defence of having murdered his neighbour except that he had also robbed him; and that robbing him of his papers had been the means of robbing him of his reputation. If everything he said against his unhappy victim had been as true as it was false, he would still have been much the more abject figure of the two. And exactly the same note of pettiness and posthumous malice marks all his attempts to excuse himself over the Cavell case. In one of his monkey tricks of vanity, he has even attempted to twist this tragedy into a very unsoldierly sneer about the accidents of the military campaign. He says that the Allies have not yet had occasion to murder any hospital nurses in hostile countries, because they do not hold so much conquered territory. This would appear to mean, by the operations of normal logic, that if we had violently annexed Denmark in order to seize the Kiel Canal and all the ships in it, we should by that deed of chivalry have earned the right to butcher good women for behaving as such. But as our record is devoid of any such acts of virtue, we cannot hope to partake of the purer pleasures of the Prussian paradise. Apparently only those who pay no respect to treaties are privileged to pay no respect to womanhood. Even more mentally inept, if possible, is the excuse attempted by the most responsible Prussian official involved: the suggestion that the shot was as inevitable as one which should kill a Russian woman fighting in the Russian lines as a man. The parallel is not only a pedantry; but it is, like most pedersties, obviously unphilosophical. Nobody would blame the Prussian soldier whose bullet pierced a woman in a Russian uniform; first, because he is only expected to see the uniform; and, second, because killing her is very probably the only way of preventing her killing him. But Nurse Cavell was not wearing any uniform of war, but the universally recognised uniform of peace; and she was not trying to kill German soldiers, but, on the contrary, trying to cure them. That the same human compassion which led her to help Germans to health led her also to help Englishmen to home, was certainly a technical offence; and among any people who could be regarded as sane, would have received some technical punishment. Indeed, it might have received a fairly heavy punishment, and one answering all possible purposes of German self-protection, and still not come within a thousand miles of this extravagant act of vengeance. I need only allude here to that other network of small evasions which entangled the efforts of the American and Spanish intercessors: it is all of a piece. It is that smallness of Germany which has been so much more startling to us than the bigness of Germany. But what I have just said of the more obvious course of imprisonment, if the thing was done to protect the Prussian power, brings me to the last fact which is vital to us in this war.

The thing was not done to protect the Prussian power. It was done to satisfy a Prussian appetite. The mad disproportion between the possible need of restraining their enemy and the frantic needlessness of killing her, is simply the measure of the distance by which the distorted Prussian psychology has departed from the moral instincts of mankind. The key to the Prussian is in this extraordinary fact: that he does truly and in his heart believe that he is *admired* whenever he can manage to be dreaded. An indefensible act of public violence is to him what a poem is to a poet or a song to a bird. It at once relieves and expresses him; he feels more himself while he is doing it. His whole conception of the State is a series of such *coups d'état*. In Poland, in Alsace, in Lorraine, in the Danish provinces, he has wholly failed to govern; indeed, he has never really attempted to govern. For governing means making people at home. Wherever he goes, and whatever success he gains, he will always make it an occasion for sanguinary pantomimes of this kind. And awful as is the individual loss, it is well that now, at the very moment when men, wily or weak, are beginning to talk of conciliatory possibilities in this incurable criminal, he should himself have provided us with this appalling reply.

We present as a Supplement to this issue a portrait of Miss Cavell, reproduced in photogravure.

## SAUNTERS AMONG STORIES.

BY RICHARD KING.

THE sins of the flesh—if sins they be—are the least important of all sins; yet somehow or other they carry the longest punishment in this world. Is it that the world is always least indulgent towards its most universal weaknesses? Who knows? Life is full of the most absurd inequalities, and few of us can perceive Truth shining beyond the morass of Unessentials through which we vainly strive to pick our way. When we awaken to the fact that most of those things which the World told us mattered are of no vital importance, and those which we learn are necessary to human happiness and progress this same world either ignores or denies—we are often, alas, far too old to profit by our greater wisdom. To be misunderstood, despised, and reviled, is the world's punishment meted out to those who have once in their lives lived the Truth as they believed it. Why wonder, then, if the majority of us prefer to join the colossal army of those who are trying-to-make-the-best-of-things?

Who knows, maybe, poor Constance Van der Welcke, the heroine of Louis Couperus's new book, "The Later Life" (Heinemann), was right, after all, when she deliberately crushed the love for the Socialist, Max Brauns, in her heart because she was middle-aged and married, and a mother? "Now that she was old" she felt "there was nothing for her but to turn her eyes from the radiant vision and, calmly, to grow still older. . . . to go onwards to that slow extinction which, perhaps, would still drag on for many long and empty years: the years of a woman of her age . . . in their set. . . ." She had already committed the one great social "sin" when she ran away from a husband who did not want her, to find happiness with a man who did. Later, both she and her lover discovered that passion had played them false—as passion nearly always does if you mistake its protestations of eternal devotion for anything more than a burning exuberance often extinguished in a week—and that, though now husband and wife, they were merely two bored human beings linked together by nothing but the memory of a moment of sex-attraction ended long years ago. But they had to make the best of it—as most of us have to do if we are weak—and to make the best of it is merely another way of describing the act of propitiating an outraged world. They never asked themselves whether this "world" were worth the sacrifice. They did not once regard that world with understanding eyes, discovering in it nothing but a multitude of unsympathetic relations, indifferent friends, dull dinner-parties, and even duller talk. It was *their* world, the only world they were used to. It had its little moral code, its own little idea of "the thing"; moreover, it knew what was impressive in human actions and what was *absurd*. And Constance Van der Welcke knew that it would be *absurd* of her to find happiness in revolt—find it at her time of life, with her responsibilities, with her dead past. Wisdom and happiness and peace had come to her too late. Her life lay behind her, a mass of futilities; her future lay before her, one long renunciation and regret. But she accepted them bravely. She had not the courage to fight. She had not the courage to dream. She *dare not run the risk of looking absurd* at her time of life. So ends a story which is haunting in its revelation of the feminine heart and its drab, but strangely pitiful, picture of the world.

"Eltham House" (Cassell), by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is another story dealing with a woman's struggles to get back into that world from which a divorce has cast her. Whether that world were worth the effort, neither she nor her husband stopped to ask themselves. It was *their* world—the only one they were used to—consequently, the only one on which they sought to make an impression. Alec Wing was one of those rich young men who, because they are rich and young, think they ought to represent their country in Parliament. He was spoken of as "one of the rising men"—and everybody knows what that means in politics. He was *persona grata* with his Party. People talked of him as likely to be one day Prime Minister—if he were very good and did what he was told. Perhaps he might have fulfilled those prophecies had he not run away with the wife of another man. England would willingly go to perdition rather than be saved by a leader with a stain upon his copy-book. Consequently, when, thanks to Lord Wing's wealth, his own cleverness, and his wife's beauty and tact, he sought to conquer London, as Lord and Lady Holland had conquered it many years ago, he found that an error of the past stood between him and his political future. Being a man, he blamed his wife—not with his reason, but with the irritating knowledge that *she was there*, and that the wives of his Party could not forgive her leaving her first husband, even though he, too, had been to blame. They were ready to forgive *him*, because he was rich and young, and a "Party hope," but to accept his politics with his wife, would be like finding the Millennium by countenancing adultery. That would never do. So the happiness of Alec and Caroline Wing was nearly wrecked on the rocks of other people's opinion, and England presumably suffered. Mrs. Ward has written an intensely interesting and a very absorbing story. It is a brilliant study of a very little world living in the fond imagination that it is colossally big. The war will, I rather fancy, shatter the old wretched peace turmoil of party politics.

"Me: A Book of Remembrances" (Fisher Unwin) is, we are told, by an anonymous authoress who is now famous. This book is the story of her early life and her struggles against ill-fortune and poverty. It is an interesting picture of a young and lonely girl fighting her own battles in a man-made world which likes its girls to be young and lonely. The least convincing part is the love-affair with a famous man, who played "uncle" for a long time, and eventually turned out to be a married man. Surely "Me" could have discovered the existence of his wife quite easily. The search would have saved her many tears.

"FAITH AND COURAGE IN DEATH": AN ALLEGORY OF EDITH CAVELL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



"SHE DIED LIKE A HEROINE."

In this drawing our artist has given allegorical form to the martyrdom of Edith Cavell, the heroic English nurse so brutally executed by the German military authorities in Brussels. The details of the picture, as regards grouping, are, of course, purely imaginary. Miss Cavell's mother has received touching messages of sympathy from the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra. Writing from Buckingham Palace, Lord Stamfordham said: "By command of the King and Queen, I write to assure you that the hearts of their Majesties go out to you in your bitter sorrow, and to express their horror at the appalling deed which has robbed you of your child. Men and women throughout

the civilised world, while sympathising with you, are moved to admiration and awe at her faith and courage in death." In a letter on behalf of Queen Alexandra, the Rector of Sandringham wrote to Mrs. Cavell: "The women of England are bearing the greatest burden of this terrible war, but by all the name of Miss Cavell will be held in the highest honour and respect. We shall always remember that she never once failed England in her hour of need." A Memorial Service for Nurse Cavell was arranged to take place in St Paul's Cathedral on Friday, October 29.—[Drawing copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the first English sergeant or private soldier found it necessary to shout through the shell-fire the perplexing name of Ypres, and courageously decided to call it Wipers (and stick to both the name and the place) England made the first real stride in popular education that she has made for centuries. It was in every way the re-entry of our nation into Europe. For in the days when the English were really in touch with the creed and culture of the Continent, when Nicolas Brakespeare wore the triple crown and Cœur de Lion, unlike George IV., was really the first gentleman of Europe, English people pronounced French names just as they chose, sometimes following the example of the French in the matter, but quite as often giving the word an entirely English twist. There still remains some tradition in the case of familiar and important places that the too-correct pronunciation is not only pedantic, but ill-bred; while the rough national pronunciation is more worthy of a really educated man. A gentleman pronounces Paris as Paris; and only a Cockney calls it Paree. And this again establishes the paradox: for the cultured class which Anglicised Paris was the only class which knew Paris. The more polished gentry were the better Englishmen for being better Europeans.

In this war we have for the first time very large masses of Englishmen who are not "gentlemen" living, working, and fighting in a foreign land, and forced to some kind of familiarity with its language, its food, its climate, and its religion. And this is producing what half a hundred lumbering Education Acts have entirely failed to produce—a comparatively educated common people. What peasants are like, what priests are like, what frontiers are like—these were the three things which English people pre-eminently did not know. And they are things which some million or two of them cannot now defend their own country without knowing.

What we call our Public Schools are very wealthy private schools. What we call popular education could much more correctly be called unpopular education. And even where the schools of the rich may have fitted them for strictly British leadership, even where the schools of the poor may have fitted them for strictly British trades and industries, neither of them ever came within a hundred miles of enlightenment about the rest of that white civilisation in which, as a Roman province, Britain was born. Things which are literally the same everywhere (such as arithmetic) and things which are quite peculiar to our particular society (such as cricket) may be taught tolerably well. But all those noble matters which are at once universal and varied, all the endearing differences of our many-coloured Christendom, all that glorious tree of life which has so many branches and so single a root—all that is in England dried up into two dismal objects called History and Geography. The English people, until this new frightful and fruitful experience, have been not only ignorant of real History and Geography, but even ignorant of what they are.

I will take the case of Geography, since it is a subject of which I am especially ignorant, having been taught it for about five years at an excellent English Public School. I am far from maintaining that I should have learnt it even if anybody had tried to teach it; but in the only vital sense it happens that nobody did. The first Tommy who set foot in Northern France saw at a glance the truths about the

country which are important: as that it is agricultural, that it is mostly flat, that round its sea-coasts it is very like South England; but that it cares much more for the practical and much less for the picturesque, cutting up the country-side into kitchen-gardens and clipping the poplars almost to the top. These are all things that are self-evident to the eye; and they are all things that are really significant and valuable to the intellect. That it is a land of peasants is a sweeping generalisation as real as the sweeping landscape. But if we turn to one of the regulation

exactly like the list in the "Bab Ballads" of the presents given to Pasha Bailey Ben—

They brought him onions strung on ropes  
And cold boiled beef and telescopes  
And capstan bars and scales and weights  
And ornaments for empty grates.

I had occasion the other day to consult a work of reference about Bohemia. That country may very well play a considerable part in coming events: for it is the most national of the nations chained to Austria, and is, perhaps, the least touched with that unique tenderness which is still felt, not for the Hapsburg kingdom, but for the Hapsburg family. The Hapsburgs will probably survive the Hohenzollerns; and they will endure, not by being efficient, but rather by being inefficient. Well, the only fact that clings to my mind out of all the closely written facts which I read on that occasion, is that one of the Bohemian products, sandwiched between something like toothpicks and something like pig-iron, was the manufacture of the Turkish fez. The fez is not made at Fez, apparently, any more than Stilton cheese is made at Stilton. There are morals, of course, even in this minute fact. It is just like the Turks to refuse to make even their own head-gear if they can get anybody else to do it. Not a few nations have suffered from the profound religious belief of the Turks that Heaven helps those that help themselves. And perhaps the Turks have an equally austere modesty; and cannot call their fezes their own. Why, even then, they should be made in Bohemia I cannot conceive. The Bohemians would seem to be heaping coals of fire, or at least something almost as fiery, on the heads of those who defeated them at Mohács. But I only mention the matter here as an illustration of the unsymbolic and un-national character of these detached fragments of information. No average reader can form any picture of a country from the fact that it has all the materials for making a fez. When I opened the work of reference I knew almost as little about Bohemia as Shakespeare did. Now I have closed it, I recall vividly that it can make a fez. Surely it might be possible to give a general picture of a country that should leave on the mind a somewhat clearer outline of its landscape; such an outline as I would undertake to give to any Bohemian child about the difference between North England and South—always supposing I could talk Czech fluently. But those thronging thousands of poor Englishmen who are now fighting for the free traditions of Europe are really seeing what countries are like: they are in the frame-work of a living geography, as in the framework of a living history. They are, indeed, in those noble words of the marching mediæval hymn—

Colheredes et sodales  
In terrâ viventium.

In those words is expressed as well as it can be expressed the truth that is taught in battlefields—nay, even in bivouacs and cantenens—better than it is taught in most of the schools. That history far back to its first beginnings is, and was, made of men like ourselves; that landscape over the better part of this earth is made almost as much by man as by Nature; that the most interesting things about a people are not the things it makes and exports, but the things it makes and consumes; and, above all, that the true bond of nations is neither in commerce nor diplomacy but in a common facing of the facts of our being, a common love of life, a common pride of death: "Comrades and soldiers in the land of the living."

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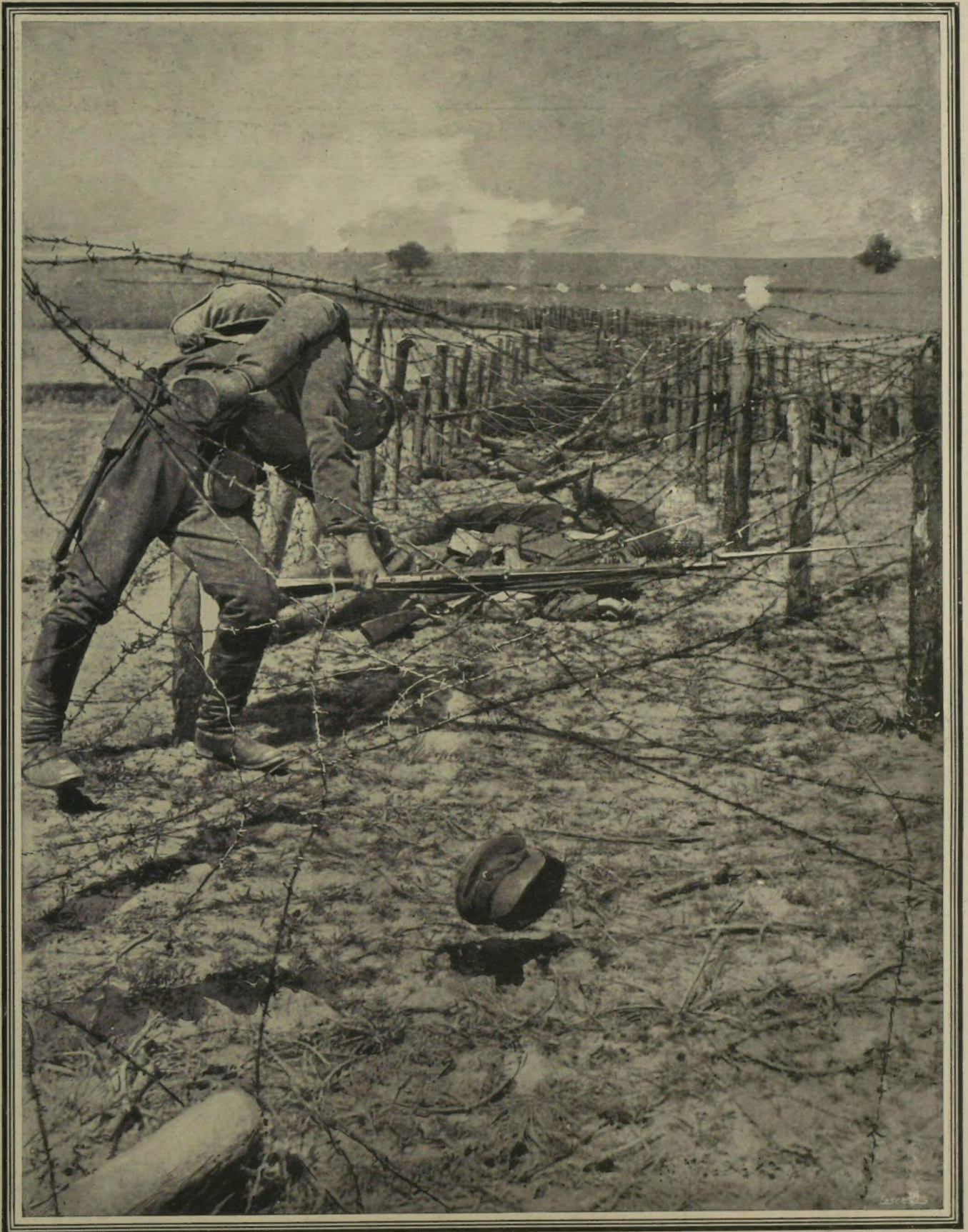
SAID TO DATE FROM ABOUT 1600 B.C.: A MINOAN SNAKE GODDESS—  
A REMARKABLE STATUETTE FROM CRETE (ACTUAL SIZE).

This remarkable statuette was acquired recently by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It was split badly; but the Museum has restored it. It is carved in ivory, is richly decorated with gold, and is 6½ inches high. Describing other figures of snake goddesses, Mr. H. R. Hall writes in his "Aegean Archaeology": "The two weird women stand there . . . a little over a foot high, attired in the latest Minoan female fashion of their day, and holding at arm's length with strong and imperious gesture, writhing and twisting serpents."

geography books, we shall probably find long lists of "products" and "principal exports" which happen to be manufactured in the North French towns, and happen, perhaps, to require contributions from the North French country-sides. We shall be told that such-and-such a place produces pickles, gutta-percha, gimlets, boot-laces, soda-water and stained glass; and it will be quite impossible to form any mental picture of what sort of place would be likely to produce that sort of thing. The lists in the geography books are

## WILLING SACRIFICE: RUSSIANS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES GLADLY.

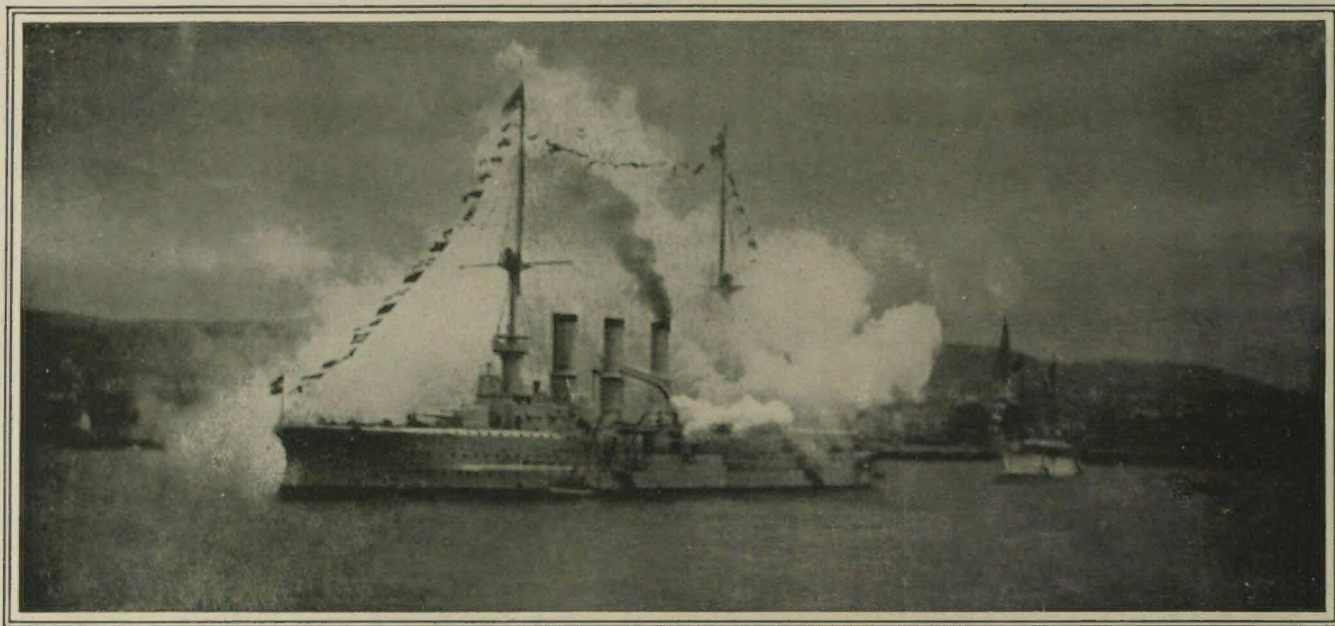
PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



AFTER A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FORCE A WAY THROUGH THE ENEMY'S BARBED WIRE: RUSSIANS WHO FELL  
AMIDST THE ENTANGLEMENTS WHILE MAKING A FORLORN-HOPE CHARGE.

The deeds of deliberate heroism and self-sacrifice on the battlefield done by the soldiers of Russia in the war, if it were possible to collect the accounts of them and record them within the covers of a book, would vie in thrilling interest with the marvellous and magnificent feats of valour of our own soldiers in Flanders and at the Dardanelles. No invidious comparison, of course, is suggested with the doings of the intrepid soldiers of our other Allies, the French and the Belgians, the Italians, the Serbs, the Montenegrins.

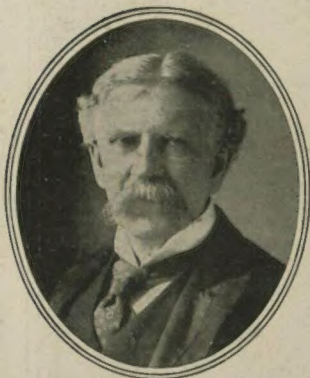
Their thrilling deeds of fearless valour are equally resplendent and no less deserving of the tribute of the highest admiration. But in many ways, in his racial characteristics the Russian soldier differs from others. Stolid as he is ordinarily supposed to be, the Russian soldier in action rouses himself like a lion, and will without hesitation, reckless of consequences, face any odds or any obstacles. In that spirit at times he comes well-nigh to achieving the impossible.

*British Submarine Activity in the Baltic: The Lost Enemy Cruiser.*

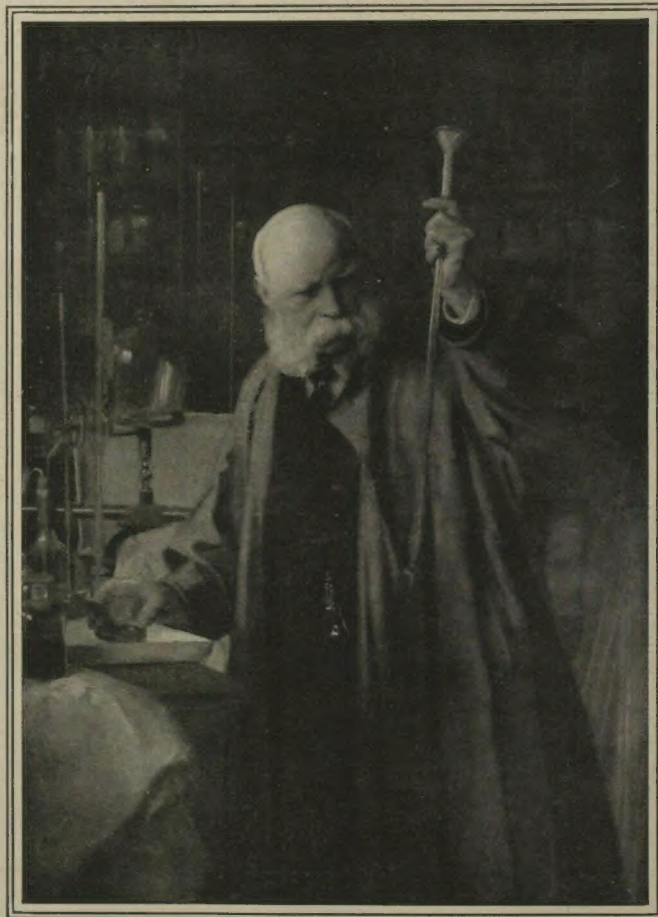
SUNK BY TWO SHOTS FROM A BRITISH SUBMARINE, OFF LIBAU: THE GERMAN CRUISER "PRINZ ADALBERT" (8775 TONS; COMPLETED 1904).

A telegram dated "Petrograd, October 24," said: "A British submarine, near Libau, has attacked and sunk a German cruiser of the 'Prinz Adalbert' type." On the Monday it was reported from Holland that the Naval General Staff in Berlin had announced that the cruiser "Prinz Adalbert" was sunk on October 23, by two shots from an enemy

submarine off Libau, and that only a small part of the crew could be rescued. So was given one more proof of the activity of British submarines in the Baltic, thanks to which within a fortnight, ending October 23, British submarines disposed of twenty-eight German merchant-vessels. The "Prinz Adalbert" had a complement of 567.

*A Civilian Roll of Honour: The Passing of Five Notable Men.*

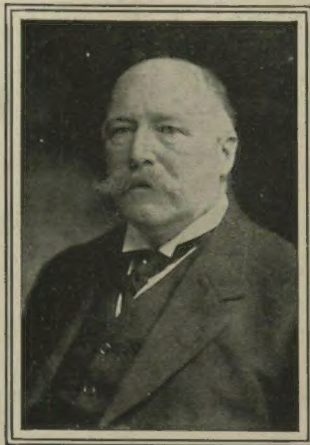
FORMERLY M.P. FOR NOTTINGHAM, EAST: THE LATE SIR HENRY J. S. COTTON, K.C.S.I.



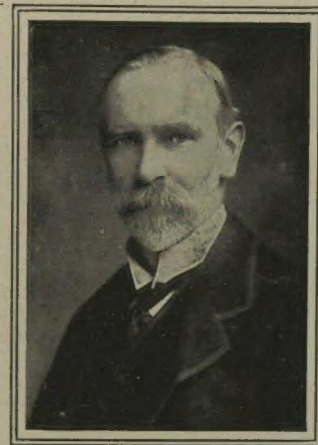
FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF A GREAT ARMAMENT FIRM: THE LATE SIR ANDREW NOBLE, F.R.S., ETC.



THE MOST FAMOUS AMATEUR CRICKETER IN THE WORLD: THE LATE DR. W. G. GRACE.



A WELL-KNOWN PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY: THE LATE MR. VIVIAN B. LEWES.



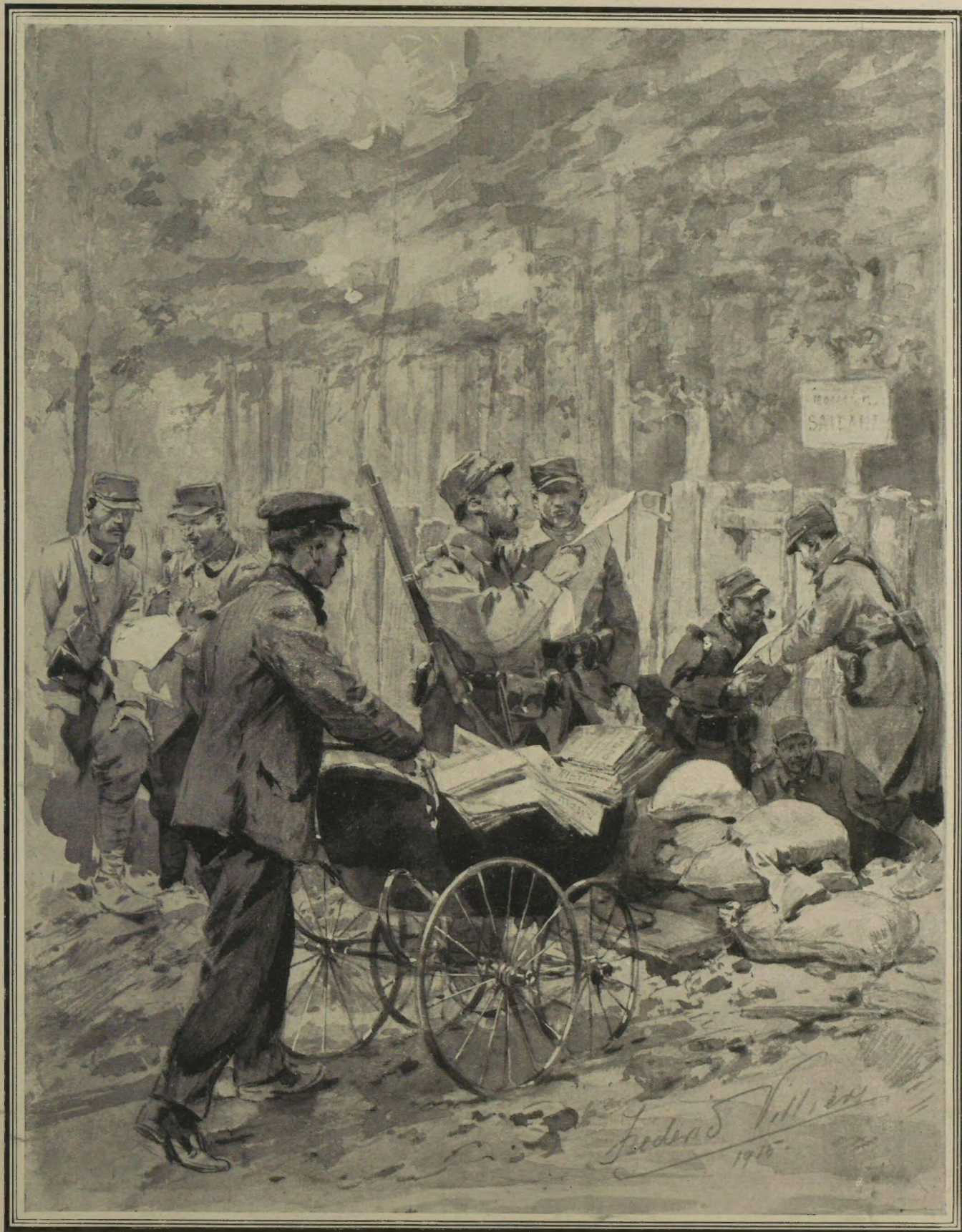
LECTURER IN ANIMAL EMBRYOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE: THE LATE DR. ASHETON.

Sir Henry J. S. Cotton was born in 1845, son of J. J. Cotton, Madras Civil Service. He was an authority upon Indian finance and author of several books on India.—Professor Vivian Byam Lewes was born in 1852. He was Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and author of "Service Chemistry," etc.—Sir Andrew Noble was Chairman of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. He was born in 1831,

and was one of the greatest authorities upon armament and munitions.—Dr. Grace was known to all the world as its greatest cricketer. No man did more to maintain the traditions of the game.—Dr. Richard Assheton was Lecturer in Animal Embryology at Cambridge; and son of the late Ralph Assheton, of Downham Hall, Lancashire.—(PHOTOGRAPHS 1, 2, 5 BY ELLIOTT AND FRY; NO. 3 BY LAIB; NO. 4 BY SPORT [AND GENERAL.]

## PERAMBULATORS BY THE FIRING-LINE: NEWSPAPERS FOR FRENCH TROOPS.

FACSIMILE DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



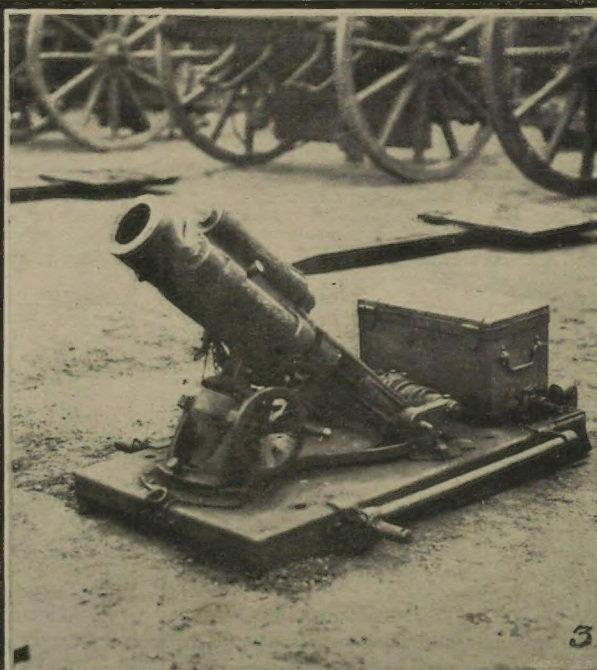
"SPECIAL EDITIONS" IN THE TRENCHES: DELIVERING THE LATEST PARIS PAPERS TO THE FRENCH ARMY  
BY PERAMBULATOR FROM RAIL-HEAD.

"The men in the French trenches," writes Mr. Frederic Villiers in a note that accompanies his drawing, "are well supplied with the special editions of the Paris papers. In many cases perambulators are used in bringing the papers from railhead to the line of entrenchments." The French troops on active service in France are more fortunate in this respect than some of their Allies in other theatres of war. An Australian soldier wrote recently in a letter: "One of the greatest hardships we Australians fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula have to put up with is the want of information of what is

happening in other parts of the world, and especially on the other fighting fronts. We have to depend on Australian papers which, when they reach us, are six weeks old—unless we happen to get a look at a copy of the 'Peninsula Press,' which is published by the military authorities here once a week. . . . We just long for a look at a late English daily or weekly, as both when in the trenches or resting we get plenty of time for reading. We are very proud to read in the English papers the fine things that have been printed about the Australians."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

# GERMAN GUNS IN LONDON: BATTLE TROPHIES EXHIBITED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



1. CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF BRITISH VICTORIES: A LONG LINE OF CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS RECENTLY PLACED ON VIEW AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

2. A BATTLE-TROPHY OF THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY: A GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

3. ALSO CAPTURED BY THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY: ANOTHER TYPE OF GERMAN TRENCH-MORTAR ON VIEW AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

Many people have been asking how it was that London and other cities in this country had no battle-trophies to show in the shape of German guns, and we ourselves have constantly advocated such an exhibition. The authorities have now responded to the general feeling. It was announced by the War Office on October 26 that a number of German guns captured from the enemy during recent operations would be on view at

the Horse Guards' Parade on and after the following morning. As our photographs show, the long line of guns makes an imposing array, and will doubtless have a very good effect on the public, both as an encouragement to look forward to final victory, and as a stimulus to recruiting. In addition to the guns, there are some German trench-mortars and a bomb-throwing machine.

# ITALY ON THE OFFENSIVE: MOUNTAIN WARFARE IN THE TRENTINO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROCHERRELL AND SCARFITTINI.



ALL READY FOR SHELLING A DISTANT AUSTRIAN POST: AN ITALIAN HOWITZER HIDDEN IN A DUG-OUT GUN-PIT WITH BOMB-PROOF ROOF.



ON DUTY IN HIGH ALTITUDES, AMIDST EARLY WINTER SNOWS: AN ADVANCED POST OF ALPINI ON A MOUNTAIN RIDGE IN THE TRENTINO.



RED CROSS MEN AFTER A MOUNTAIN BATTLE: BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED ON LITTERS, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A CAMP



WHERE HORSES AND WHEELED GUN-CARRIAGES CANNOT PASS: MAN-HAULING A HOWITZER ON A SLEDGE UP A MOUNTAIN-PATH.



OFF DUTY WHILE THE ENEMY ARE BOMBARDING: IN AN INFANTRY BOMB-PROOF DUG-OUT IN THE TRENCHES.



MAKING USE OF LOCAL COVER AS A SCREEN: A HOWITZER IN ACTION FIRING FROM SHELTER.



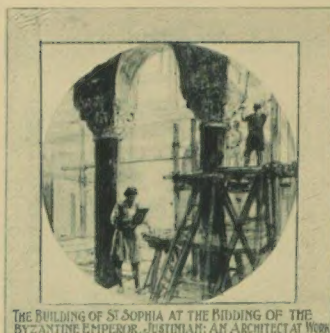
AUSTRIAN SHRAPNEL BURSTING OVER ONE OF THE ALPINI'S ENCAMPMENTS.



BIG GUNS IN MOUNTAIN WARFARE: PLACING A HOWITZER BEHIND A MANTLET OF TIMBER AND SAND-BAGS.

The readiness and adaptability for their mountain campaign in the Alps which the Italian Army has so markedly shown are proved alike in the operations in the Trentino and by those beyond the Isonzo. And, it is admitted, the Italian business-like manner of going to work has come as an unwelcome surprise to the Austrians in those quarters. The masterly forethought of the Italian Headquarters Staff arrangements is evidenced, most of all, perhaps, by the marvellous engineering and artillery transportation performances which have been achieved, some of which we illustrate above. The heaviest

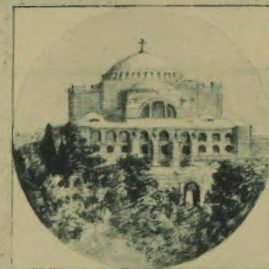
long-range guns and howitzers have been brought into action everywhere regardless of the almost impossible nature of the ground to be got over in places; often along mountain-paths and up steep acclivities apparently impossible to traverse except for light troops. On a par with that is the intrepidity all branches of the service have displayed, in particular the heroic Alpini, fighting and camping constantly above the snow line, and taking no count of the enemy's shot and shell in the most exposed positions. In a word, Italy is on the offensive.



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLES &amp; ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, &amp; THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE COMMISSARIAT CAMEL.

FEW of us in this part of the world know more of camels than is to be gained from a visit to some travelling circus or from a menagerie—at any rate, so far as live camels are concerned. Under such conditions, it is obviously impossible to form any reliable estimate as to the real character of this animal. Our countrymen whom Fate has sent to the Dardanelles, however, will have much to tell us on this subject when they return, for large numbers have been landed there for our use, under the protection of the naval guns.

So far, with one accord, all who have had anything to do with camels speak of them with anything but affection. My readers will probably remember Rudyard Kipling's delightful lines, wherein Thomas Atkins describes the "Commissariat Camel" as "A devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one." In these few words are summarised the universal condemnation of the camel, by all Europeans at any rate, and there is no record of any more favourable attitude towards it on the part of men of other races who, by force of circumstances, are compelled to avail themselves of its services. Among beasts of burden it ranks, at one and the same time, as one of the most indispensable and one of the least attractive of beasts. The picturesqueness of a caravan of camels, such as is depicted in books of travel, predisposes most of us in its favour before we have made personal acquaintance with the living reality, when the surliness of the creature breaks the spell.

No one seems yet to have attempted an analysis of the psychology of the camel. When that feat has been achieved we may discover why it is that, though sufficiently amenable to discipline to become a valuable beast of burden, centuries of domestication have failed to develop even the rudiments of the docility and affection displayed, for example, by the dog or the horse. The camel, like the zebra, stands on the borderline of tractability.

What is the determining factor in this strangely variable degree in the tamability of animals? Why is the elephant—or at any rate, the Indian elephant—so docile and the rhinoceros so hopelessly intractable? The former can be taken straight from its native wilds, and in a surprisingly short space of time will behave as though born to captivity; the latter no man has yet brought under subjection, save as a useless captive behind iron bars. The solution of the mystery will probably be found to depend largely on the relative size of the brain in proportion to the bulk of the body. The larger the brain in

proportion to the size of the body, the greater the educability and capacity for affection.

These remarks apply equally to the Arabian (or one-humped) and to the Bactrian (or two-humped) camel. The first-named is now nowhere to be found in a wild state, hence there is still some

their way through Arabia to Northern Africa. Those still found in a wild state in parts of Spain are the descendants of animals introduced during the Arab occupation.

Though after five thousand years of domestication man has failed to make the camel a companionable animal, he has, at any rate, succeeded in producing several more or less distinct breeds. The Arabs recognise at least twenty distinct strains, which may be roughly divisible into riding-camels, or "dromedaries," and baggage-camels. The ordinary pace of the latter, when fully loaded, is about three miles an hour; but a good dromedary will cover from eight to ten miles an hour for a long period.

But camel-riding is an achievement to be attained only at the price of much suffering. And this because of the peculiar gait of this animal, which produces a feeling akin to that of sea-sickness, owing to the swaying motion of the body caused by the fact that the two legs of one side move simultaneously.

During the breeding season the males become more than usually objectionable, since then they are subject to fits of uncontrollable rage, and develop the practice of blurring out the lining of the throat in the form of an unsightly red bladder, accompanied by a most irritating gurgling noise.

This animal thrives only in desert regions. And herein lies its usefulness to man, for by its means alone is he enabled to cross barren tracts otherwise impassable. This ability to live without water and with little food for long periods is due to two natural reservoirs. Water is stored in special pockets in the lining of the stomach; while a large mass of fat is stored on the back, forming the characteristic hump—though, according to popular belief, it is here that the water is held.

Though it will manage to subsist for long periods on the thorny scrub such as forms the only vegetation of desert areas, and with very little water, its complacency in these matters may be over-taxed, as was disastrously shown during the first expedition to Khar-toum.

Two other factors in the adaptability of the camel to a desert life have to be taken into account. These are the feet and the nostrils. The first-named have but two toes, protected by very thick, horny pads to resist the burning sand; while the nostrils are long and slit-like, and can be closed at will, thereby enabling the animal to survive the awful sand-storms which so frequently endanger the lives of travellers in these inhospitable regions.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



ARTILLERY IN THE ANIMAL WORLD: No. 1—A BOMBARDIER-BEETLE DISCHARGING ITS POISON-CLOUD AGAINST ANOTHER BEETLE ATTACKING IT.

The bombardier-beetle (*Brachinus stysicornis*) does not use solid projectiles! It favours asphyxiating vapours, whose discharge is accompanied by a distinct sound—a tiny *coup de canon*.

uncertainty as to its original home; but it seems probable that it is the descendant of an Indian ancestor. From India migrants gradually made

and develop the practice of blurring out the lining of the throat in the form of an unsightly red bladder, accompanied by a most irritating gurgling noise.



ARTILLERY IN THE ANIMAL WORLD: No. 2—HOW THE LARVA OF AN ANT-LION BOMBARDS AND CAPTURES AN ANT.

The larva of the ant-lion (*Myrmelon formicarius*) digs, with its head, a funnel-shaped hole in sand and buries itself at the bottom with only its mandibles projecting. When an ant or other insect enters the hole, the larva throws sand over it, causing it to slip down to the bottom, where it is caught and devoured. In the diagram *a* is a larva (enlarged); and *b* a full-grown ant-lion.

## TURRETS IN TRENCHES: AN ENEMY ARMoured POSITION.



A REVOLVING ARMoured CASEMATE FOR AN ENEMY GUN IN CHAMPAGNE: THE TRENCH-TURRET CUPOLA WITH THE MUZZLE OF ITS WEAPON PROTRUDING—SUGGESTING A TORTOISE!



THE POSITION EXPOSED AFTER THE GERMAN TRENCH HAD BEEN BATTERED TO PIECES BY THE FRENCH: THE REVOLVING GUN-TURRET IN ITS PIT.

"Under the French artillery fire, the German trenches had become graves for the living," describes an American Press correspondent who visited the French front in Middle Champagne after the great break through the German first-line defences at the end of September. "The Germans had woven with barbed wire the whole of the surrounding forests, under cover of which a maze of trenches eight feet deep zig-zagged,

the whole line being supported by a multitude of machine-guns and numerous four-inch steel turrets. The latter" (one of which, from two points of view, is illustrated above) "were provided with revolving tops, and all save the top was embedded in the ground. Each turret had a fifty-millimetre quick-firing gun, which was served by three men. The French troops say that these attendants were locked in the turrets."

## "LITTLE ROCK-CUT KENNELS, EACH INHABITED BY ONE

PHOTOGRAPH (EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED



A TERRACED COLONY OF DUG-OUTS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY'S AMBULANCE

Dogs are extensively used by the French Army both for ambulance purposes and to aid in sentry and scouting work. Those housed in this remarkable colony of dug-out kennels are ambulance dogs, which are trained to assist in finding the wounded after a battle. They are taught, after discovering a wounded man, to bring back some article of his equipment, such as his hat or his handkerchief, as a sign that they have found him, and then to lead the ambulance men to the spot. In some cases they remain by the wounded man's

## WISE, SILENT DOG": A CANINE CAMP IN FRANCE.

LONDON NEWS" BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



DOGS: AN INTERESTING CORNER NEAR THE FRONT IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

side and summon help by barking. Somewhat similar quarters for scouting dogs were recently seen in France by Mr. Rutherford Kipling, who writes in one of his articles describing his visit to the French front: "Further inside the caves we found a row of little rock-cut kennels, each inhabited by one wise, silent dog. Their duties begin at night with the sentinels and listening-posts. 'And, believe me,' said a proud instructor, 'my fellow here knows the difference between the noise of our shells and the Boche shots.'"

## AN ADVANCE IN PROGRESS: HOW GROUND IS GAINED FROM THE ENEMY—PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRENCH FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS PUBLISHED BY SANCTION OF THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE. SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



INFANTRY SUPPORTING TROOPS ON THE MOVE FORWARD: MARCHING ALONG AN EXPOSED ROADWAY IN OPEN ORDER AND SINGLE FILE.



AFTER THE TAKING OF A GERMAN TRENCH: CROSSING-PLACES OVER THE DEEP TRENCH EXCAVATION MADE BY BRIDGES OF MATERIALS PICKED UP ON THE SPOT.



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY AND UNDER FIRE: THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH INFANTRY IN THE OPEN CAN CROSS A FIRE-SWEPT ZONE WITHOUT RISKING ANNIHILATION.



CREEPING FORWARD TO GET WITHIN CHARGING DISTANCE: INFANTRY IN THE FRONT LINE ON HANDS AND KNEES, TO OFFER THE SMALLEST POSSIBLE TARGET.

From these illustrations one may gain a useful idea of how the task set the French and our own men in their fighting advance against the German entrenched line of positions has to be carried out: practically by a steady, continuous move forward under fire all the time. Artillery preparation and smashing-through tactics serve on occasion, but the persistent push has to be kept up between whiles, storming a section of trenches here and there, and by degrees bending back the enemy line all along. The nature of these attacks and their working method we see here. The advance over the fire-swept zone, across which the enemy rain a hurricane of shot and shell and bullets, has to be made by the troops forming, so to speak, the spear-head

of the thrust, creeping forward on hands and knees so as to offer as small and inconspicuous a target as possible; company by company working forward in that manner, and battalion by battalion. Further back meanwhile, and less exposed to the enemy's view and fire, the supports and reserve are following, in places having to advance, as seen above, in single file, in order to minimise casualties. We get a glimpse, also, of one of the captured German trenches, with hasty bridging expedients, by means of fallen tree-trunks or planks found in debris on the spot, adopted by the victors to cross the deep trench excavation the more easily as they stream forward to attack the enemy's supporting position beyond and make good the ground gained.

# "NOT LIKE SOLDIERS, BUT LIKE DEVILS": MASKED BRITISH TERRITORIALS CHARGING GERMAN TRENCHES AT LOOS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



## WEARING THEIR ANTI-GAS MASKS AND LOOKING LIKE HOODED FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION: BRITISH TROOPS ATTACKING GERMANS WITH BOMB AND BAYONET.

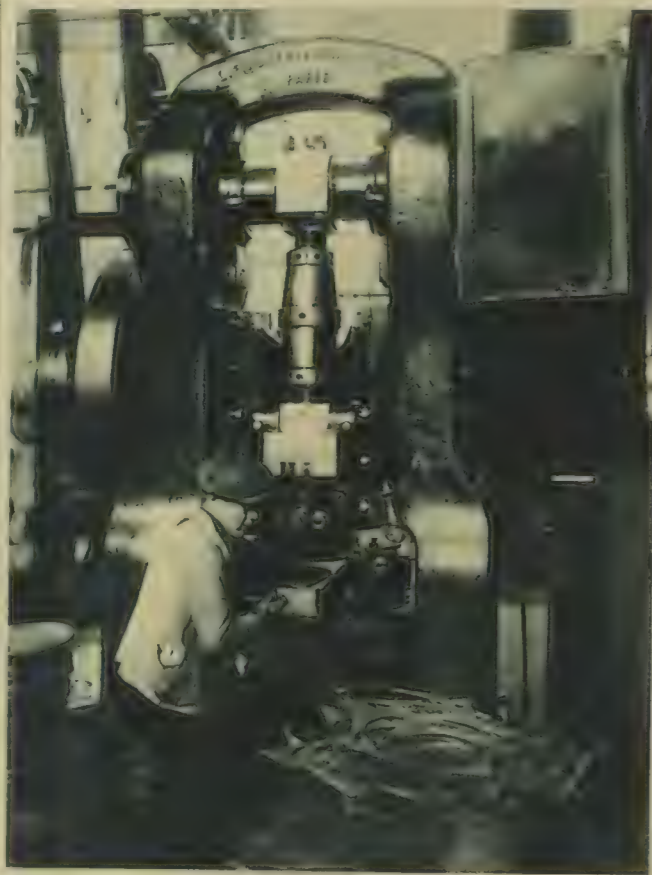
The objective of this particular attack, made by a certain battalion of London Territorials, was the German second-line trenches, which ran between the "Tower Bridge" of Loos and the great twin slag-heaps. First the troops had to clear the intricate front line; next, a small collection of fortified houses named "Valley Cross Roads," and then the Loos Cemetery marked the limit of the ground to be covered. A cloud of gas and smoke screened the attacking force from the Germans, but through it our men had to plunge. As they burst through the smoke on to the German front line, wearing their gas-masks over their heads, they must have looked like hooded Familiars of the Spanish Inquisition. Over this first German line, after a slight check, rushed the bombers, and after them the bayonet-men. The wave of British infantry swept on to the sunken road and Lens Road junction at Valley Cross Roads, where the Germans held out gamely, and where bombs were hurled in great profusion; then on again to the

cemetery and the fortified second line. The enemy here gave way at the onset of the masked force, and retired through Loos towards their third line of resistance. Rain was falling during the battle. On the right of the drawing the figure of a British bomber in a dark mask, who has just hurled his bomb, shows how the bombs are carried, in special pockets arranged round the body something like the corks of a lifebelt. These British troops, it may be pointed out, carried the long rifle with the short bayonet. On the left three Germans serving a machine-gun are seen holding up their hands and shouting for quarter; while just beyond them in their trench is a German bomber still resisting. A German writer in the "Berliner Tageblatt" says:—"Behind the fourth gas-and-smoke cloud there suddenly emerged Englishmen in thick lines and storming columns. They rose suddenly from the earth, wearing smoke-masks over their faces, and looking not like soldiers, but like devils."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

# STEEL HELMETS—WORN BY THE FRENCH AND, NOW, BY THE BRITISH: MAKING "CALOTTES MÉTALLIQUES" IN FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS

V. ROYER.



STAMPING OUT CIRCLES OF SHEET STEEL, WHICH WILL BE SHAPED INTO HELMETS—ON THE LEFT, CUT DISCS; ON THE RIGHT, THE METAL CUT AWAY.



MAKING THE CROWNS OF THE STEEL HELMETS FROM THE METAL DISCS, WITH THE AID OF A PRESSING-MACHINE—ON THE LEFT, DISCS SHAPED INTO HELMETS.



PUNCHING HOLES IN THE HELMETS, FOR VENTILATION AND THAT THE CREST AND OTHER ACCESSORIES CAN BE FIXED.



MAKING THE BRIMS WITH SPECIAL MACHINERY—WORK DONE BY WOMEN, EACH OF WHOM CAN TURN OUT 12,000 PIECES A DAY.



FIXING THE BRIMS ON HELMETS—WORK DONE BY WOMEN, WHO ARE SEEN SOLDERING WITH THE AID OF BLOW-PIPES.

FROM the time that the sheet steel is taken in hand, sixty-four operations have to be performed before a complete helmet results. The first thing is to cut from the seven-tenths-of-a-millimetre-thick metal the circles of steel which will be formed into the crowns of the helmets. Each machine will stamp out 5000 of these a day. The discs are then



FRENCH HELMET 1915

pressed into shape more or less like that of a pudding-bowl with a rim. Two operations go to this part of the work. The helmet-crowns are then polished, for the removal of irregularities. After this they are passed along to those who punch holes in them, for ventilation and for the fixing of the crests and other accessories.

(Continued on page 563.)



WHERE THE HELMETS ARE DIPPED IN A SPECIAL MIXTURE, TO DULL THEM AND MAKE THEM LESS CONSPICUOUS IN THE FIELD—AS SHOWN IN THE NEXT PHOTOGRAPH.



SPECIAL MIXTURE, TO DULL THEM AND MAKE THEM LESS CONSPICUOUS IN THE FIELD—AS SHOWN IN THE NEXT PHOTOGRAPH.

The brims are fashioned from the metal left over when the circular discs were cut up, and are shaped by women at the rate, for each woman, of 12,000 brims a day. The next thing is to attach brims to the crowns, and badges according to the arm by which the helmets are to be worn. The helmets are then cleaned and dipped in a special mixture to



FRENCH HELMET 1915

make them inconspicuous in the field. Finally, the leather chin-straps, the lining, etc., are fitted. Thus, very briefly, we describe some of the sixty-four processes. Despite the amount of work to be done, five French factories engaged exclusively on the work made in six months helmets for two million soldiers.



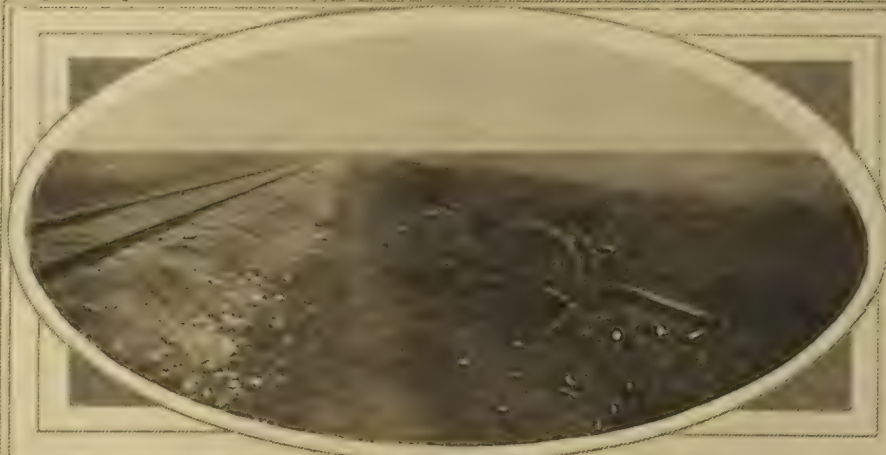
FIXING STRAPS, LININGS, AND OTHER ACCESSORIES TO THE HELMETS AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN DULLED—ONE OF 64 NECESSARY OPERATIONS.

Our readers do not need to be told that the French troops in the field have been using, for some time and with considerable success, light helmets of steel which are designed to protect the head from fragments of shrapnel and ricochet bullets more particularly. Dr. Devraigne, studying the value of the French helmets, examined fifty-five cases of head injury, in which forty-two of the wounded men had no head-piece and thirteen wore helmets. Of the forty-two, twenty-three had the skull fractured, and most of them died. The other nineteen had merely scalp wounds. Of the thirteen men who were armour-protected, eight were suffering more or less severely from "cerebral shock," but none died. The other

five had slight superficial wounds or scratches. Since that time the value of the helmet has been proved over and over again. This is particularly interesting in view of the fact that, according to a paper read recently at the Paris Academy of Medicine, 13.33 per cent. of all wounds are in the head, and head-wounds are notoriously of a fatal character. It is now announced, through Mr. Tennant, in the House of Commons, that some thousands of steel helmets have been issued to our own troops at the front, and that the total number asked for will soon be despatched. The British steel skull-cap illustrated is of a type which can be bought in this country. It was on view at the Tower recently, but is not official.

# THE NEW CENTRE OF GRAVITY IN THE WAR: SCENES AND PERSONALITIES IN SERBIA AND BULGARIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



NOW AGAIN A SCENE OF WAR: THE RAILWAY AT KUMANOVO, WITH ABANDONED TURKISH GUNS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE BALKAN WAR OF 1912.



REPORTED CAPTURED BY BULGARIANS AND LATER AS THE SCENE OF A BULGARIAN DEFEAT: VELES (KUPRULU).



REPORTED CAPTURED BY THE BULGARIANS: USKUB, ON THE NISH-SALONIKA RAILWAY.



MEN OF AN ARMY FIGHTING GALLANTLY TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY FROM A DOUBLE INVASION: A SERBIAN 6-INCH HOWITZER BATTERY IN ACTION.



MADE THE SEAT OF THE SERBIAN GOVERNMENT AFTER THE EVACUATION OF BELGRADE: NISH—A GENERAL VIEW.



WHERE SERIOUS DAMAGE WAS DONE BY AN ALLIED NAVAL BOMBARDMENT: THE BULGARIAN PORT OF DEDEAGATCH.



ALLIED NAVAL BOMBARDMENT: THE BULGARIAN COAST ON THE AEGEAN SEA.



SHOWING THE RIVER VARDAR, ON WHOSE BANKS, AT VARIOUS POINTS, MUCH FIGHTING HAS TAKEN PLACE: ANOTHER VIEW OF USKUB.



SERBIAN COUNTRY WHICH THE BULGARIANS HAVE INVADDED: GREEK TROOPS NEAR VRANIA DURING THE SECOND BALKAN WAR OF 1913.



LEADING THE SERBIAN ARMIES AGAINST THE AUSTRO-GERMAN INVASION: GENERAL POPOVITCH.



SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH FORCES IN SERBIA: GENERAL BILLAUD, ENTRAINING AT SALONIKA.



INVADDED BY THE BULGARIANS: THE VARDAR VALLEY BETWEEN KUMANOVO AND EGRI PALANKA—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE SECOND BALKAN WAR.

We give here a number of photographs illustrating the new campaign in the Balkans, now the chief centre of gravity in the Great War. Three of them, it should be mentioned, were taken during previous wars—that of Kumanovo during the first Balkan War of 1912, when the Balkan League defeated Turkey; those at the two lower corners, showing Greek troops in Serbia, and a transport column in the Vardar Valley, during the second Balkan War of 1913, when Greece and Serbia defeated Bulgaria. The other photographs showing troops were taken during the present campaign. A German Headquarters report of October 22 stated that Kumanovo had been occupied by the Bulgarians. It is a town of Macedonia, on the Nish-Salonika railway, some thirty miles north of Uskub. A battle between Serbians and Turks was fought there on October 24, 1912. A Serbian official communiqué of the 22nd inst. said that the enemy had captured Veles, otherwise known as Kuprulu, a town on the Nish-Salonika railway some twenty-five miles south-east of Uskub, and midway between that

town and Krivolak. A later message reported from General Sarrail stated that only part of Veles had been occupied by the Bulgarians, who were on the left bank of the Vardar. Still later (on October 25) news came that the Bulgarian offensive had been broken at Veles, and that the French and Serbian Armies had effected a junction at Krivolak, further down the river, where the Bulgarians had attempted to cross it. General Sarrail (who succeeded General Gouraud in Gallipoli) is Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Serbia, with General Billaud as second in command. An official statement from Sofia of the 24th claimed that the Bulgarians had occupied the whole of Uskub. The British Admiralty announced on the 25th: "A bombardment of the Bulgarian coast was carried out by an Allied squadron composed of British, French, and Russian ships on the afternoon of October 21. A number of military positions were shelled and serious damage was inflicted on the harbour works, railway station, and shipping at Dedeagatch."

## The Balkan Puzzle: Bulgaria and the Entente.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

GERMANY'S failure to deal a knock-out blow to France, to capture Paris, annihilate Russia's main armies, and then address herself to Britain, had an effect upon the prospects of both belligerent groups which only one of them perceived and followed up: it shifted the centre of the gigantic struggle from West to East. The first phase of the war, that brilliant opening which was to have given the Teuton partners the game in a definite number of moves and months, was marked off by that fateful miscarriage. Thenceforward the arena was situated in the East of Europe, where the contest had to be carried on at first by diplomatists and then by generals. On the outcome of that contest depended the first telling, and it might well be decisive, success of the Allies. But Entente diplomacy, if it really discerned this opportunity and its potentialities, scorned to take advantage of the knowledge. Turkey's pacific assurances were not only implicitly believed by the Allies, but acted upon. Every doubt and misgiving was banished, at the risk of incurring formidable disadvantages. That risk soon became real. Enver Pasha opened the war without warning, and the Allies won the right to a high place in the world's history for chivalrous credulity à la Tertullian. Since then they have had to content themselves with that.

And yet the influence of Turkey's fate not only upon the upshot of this war, but upon that of all Europe for decades after its close, pressed for recognition. The Ottoman Empire is a land teeming with economic resources and military supplies. In particular, what Germany lacks, Turkey possesses in abundance; as, for instance, petroleum, oil, copper, ore, cotton, corn, wool, the raw material for brave soldiers. Moreover, if the Allies were to take and keep the Dardanelles, Constantinople, the countries between the Straits and the Persian Gulf, there is little doubt that Germany's rôle as a world-Power would have been played out almost before it began. And no surer pledge of peace could be obtained or desired than the elimination of the Teuton from that civilising competition.

From the day on which Enver Pasha cast the die, the fears of the Turks and the hopes of the Allies have run parallel. For if Constantine's city were to fall into our hands, Turkey would at once drop out of the ranks of combatants. And if the Straits were thrown open and our great Slav ally linked up with the West, one might almost say that a new combatant would appear in the arena, so redoubtable would Russia become through the fresh and plentiful sources of supplies and the possibility of selling her stored grain and other marketable produce. The circulation of vital forces from the head to the extremities would be restored. Constantinople having thus risen to be at once the prize and the open sesame of military success, it was the Allies' interest to capture it with all feasible speed. But to their credit they scorned to owe victory to any methods but those approved by the most scrupulous sticklers for self-sacrificing trust in human-kind of the Bulgarian variety.

The most effectual means of getting the better of Turkey was to co-ordinate with our efforts those of her secular foes, the peoples of the Balkans. For, while each of those little States, possessing only a small army and narrow resources, might reasonably ask to be dispensed from affronting Austria and Germany, the Balkan League would dispose of a million rifles and a commanding strategic position. Consequently the Allies contemplated the advisability of resuscitating the League and bespeaking its co-operation. And as each of those little realms had a large number of its own kinsfolk to emancipate from the yoke of Turkey or Austria, the task seemed facile. In all probability, it would have been executed satisfactorily if we could have treated the principal spokesmen of the Balkan States in the spirit in which they were treating each other and themselves. But our Governments steadfastly kept to their ethical principles, set a noble example of selfless loyalty, and displayed a touching faith in the operation of transcendental justice in the spotted world of politics.

The policy of the Allies in the Peninsula oscillated even during the war's second phase between dignified indifference and praiseworthy exertions fitfully put forward to reconcile the conflicting interests of the Balkan peoples. Tyrannous circumstance with its quickly changing manifestations brought about the oscillation. Optimistic credulity was answerable for the failure. Of those recalcitrant little States, Bulgaria was the most obstinate and scheming, and she was also the object of the Allies' most loving care. Their method, like that of the medical faculty in the days of Dr. Diafoirus, seemed correct enough. The main source of the hitch lay in the person selected for treatment. Entente diplomacy lavished its forbearance, mildness, generosity on the wrong person. Its gentle methods were applied to the Bulgarian nation, whereas the sole decisive factor was the ex-Austrian officer, despiser of Slavs, and apostle of Kultur—King Ferdinand, who had long before cast in his lot with the Kaiser and burned his boats and bridges. The writer of these lines was once, when a mere lad, in a compartment of a train into which two card-sharps came and won money from the

passengers. Unaware who they were, he reasoned with them earnestly, admonished them against games of chance, and quoted hymns of the Sanscrit Vedas and maxims of Seneca. Well, the labours of the Allies in Sofia were comparable to that ingenious appeal.

The author of this article knew at first hand that Ferdinand, who was and is Bulgarian, had no longer any choice, and he wrote this; but week after week, and month after month his utterances on the subject were suppressed for the sake of our cause. For the strictness of our Censorship towards every unfavourable comment on the behaviour of Ferdinand, Radoslavoff, Tontcheff, and the Bulgarian Press was the climax of a set of motives which will astonish the future historian and edify those reformers who would fain cast international politics in the mould of the Gospel. We not only lent faith to the words of Ferdinand and his Ministers, but we demonstrated our faith by works which will be qualified later on. We abstained from adopting precautionary measures lest Ferdinand's delicate susceptibilities should be ruffled or our caution should resemble the pestilent Teutonic doctrine of preventive war.



A WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON EUROPEAN POLITICS:  
DR. EMILE JOSEPH DILLON.

Dr. E. J. Dillon is known by his extremely well-informed articles on foreign politics in the "Daily Telegraph," for whose series of War Books he wrote "A Scrap of Paper—the Inner History of German Diplomacy." He is of Anglo-Irish parentage and married a Russian lady, was educated in Paris, Innsbruck, Leipzig, and Petrograd, and was once Doctor of Oriental Languages and Literature at Louvain. He has travelled widely and written many books.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Germany's method differed from ours radically. Her task, looked at theoretically, was much more difficult. Turkey's greatest potential danger lay in the Balkans. If those peoples were to march against her as they did three years ago, the collapse of the Ottoman Empire would be a matter of three or four weeks. And it was their interest thus to coalesce and co-operate. Hence the two military Empires had everything to fear from the Balkan nations, whose opportunity of freeing their kindred and enlarging their dominions was at hand. But Berlin diplomacy, which we are wont to ridicule, solved the problem brilliantly. Instead of addressing magniloquent phrases about liberty, right and justice to Bulgaria, Greece, and Roumania, it sought out the three masters of those countries and tried to square them. Ferdinand of Coburg was the first to yield. Indeed, in his case the Teutons were knocking at an open door. He had disposed of Bulgaria's Army long ago.

Ferdinand's policy from the opening of the war was inspired by one desire—that of throwing dust in the eyes of the Allies and of lulling their suspicions with a will-o'-the-wisp whenever the dust was removed. And in that he succeeded admirably. For the Entente Powers were amicably disposed towards Bulgaria. They felt sympathy with her tragic fate, and left no stone unturned to obtain for her a radical revision of the Treaty of Bucharest. And

by dint of argument, suasion, and sheer pressure in Nish and Athens they were successful. They made it clear to her that they were the friends of the Balkan peoples, whose union, power, and progress they desired and furthered; while the Central Powers aimed at dividing those peoples and reducing to nothing the positive worth of their military force by having it consumed on the spot in a kind of civil war. The victory of the Teutons would entail the growth of Turkey, and the overlordship of Germany in the Near and Middle East. And for the Bulgarian nation that would indeed spell ruin. But to accompany his victorious countrymen to Stamboul, to break up the Serbian realm, and to call himself the Tsar of a Great Bulgaria and overlord of the Balkans would have gratified the ambition of Ferdinand of Coburg. And he it is who has impersonated Bulgaria ever since the accession to power of Radoslavoff, Tontcheff, and Co. For, unlike other "Constitutional" monarchs, he possesses the right to conclude any international agreement on his own initiative and without the assent or knowledge of Parliament. And of that prerogative he made the fullest use. Ferdinand's motives, aims, methods, and hopes are capable of being reconstructed and appreciated.

At the close of the first phase of the Balkan War against Turkey, the eminent Bulgarian strategist who had drawn up the plan of campaign told the King that it was time to make peace and enjoy the fruits of victory. That strategist was General Fitcheff. In favour of this opinion and advice he adduced grounds which appealed forcibly to reason and patriotism, but were unavailing against the feminine vanity of a hysterical Narcissus. Ferdinand turned a deaf ear to the exhortations and warnings of his best military expert, whose patriotic frankness cost him his post of Chief of the Staff. Fitcheff retired, and his august master penned certain letters and telegrams fore-shadowing his advent in glory and majesty in the magic East which bespeak a degree of vanity that has probably not been equalled since the mad days of the old Roman Empire. The consequences of that folly were of the direst for Bulgaria and her Teutonic head. From the depths of despair Ferdinand now indited other telegrams breathing abject terror—the terror that magnifies enemies and creates tormenting fiends. Those to whom they were addressed shed tears of pity. I read some of these penitential psalms of his. They resembled the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" without the genius or the sincerity. It was while he was in this slough of despond that he was tempted—he and the ill-starred nation in whose name he acted and spoke. Austria undertook to keep him on his throne and restore to Bulgaria all that she had lost—on conditions. It was her promise that obtained for him pardon for his fateful errors and a new lease of sovereignty. It was then, too, that he assumed general but binding obligations which cut off Bulgaria from her friends of the Entente, and were renewed and made definite later on.

Austria and Germany have since been working out their own schemes under the flag of Bulgaria. They gave her the loan for army reorganisation in return for liens of untold value on the country and its resources. But Ferdinand's Ministers "explained" all that to the Entente Powers "quite satisfactorily." This year another financial deal turning upon a second instalment of that loan was successfully negotiated by Tontcheff, and satisfactorily "explained" by Ferdinand's Government. The chief of the British Government made a public announcement which led all Europe to expect from the Balkan States a speedy and pleasant surprise.

But the only surprise that came from Bulgaria were painful, not pleasant. One was the conclusion of an accord with Turkey on the basis of a retrocession by the Porte of a considerable strip of territory, in return for which Bulgaria secretly pledged herself to co-operate with the Austro-German armies which were making ready to invade Serbia. Again Ferdinand's pliant Ministers explained the Bulgaro-Turkish arrangement satisfactorily. Germany and Turkey, it appears, had bestowed all those favours on Bulgaria without asking for anything in return—not even a scrap of paper. Bulgaria was still free to fight Turkey and Austria if only her just claims were allowed. Then General Fitcheff was dismissed from his post as War Minister, just as three years ago. And his successor was a fiery apostle of German Kultur.

Meanwhile, the Entente Powers had contrived to rouse Serbia to a sense of her difficulties and duties, and obtained the retrocession of Macedonia to Bulgaria. The offer was made in Sofia on Sept. 14, and Ferdinand's Ministers were called upon to redeem their promise. Bulgaria's response was neither oral nor written. It took the form of an order for general mobilisation and the admission of a number of German officers to military circles in Sofia.

Ferdinand's Ministers, ever quick at quibbling explanations, again assured the Entente that "armed neutrality" was all that they aimed at! But by this time the proofs of Bulgaria's co-partnership with Austria and Germany were enough to carry conviction even to the trustful Ministers of Great Britain. And Bulgaria was left to continue her race in pursuit of avenging Fate.

## THE BRITISH LANDING AT SALONIKA: TROOPS LEAVING A WAR-SHIP.

PHOTOGRAPH (EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS") BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



### OUR ENTRY INTO THE BALKAN THEATRE OF WAR: THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS FOR SERBIA LANDING AT SALONIKA.

With the landing of French and British troops at Salonika—the ancient Thessalonica of St. Paul's journey and Epistles—a new phase of the Great War began. The first troops went ashore on October 5. Describing the scene in a despatch to the "Daily Telegraph," Mr. A. Beaumont writes: "The transport fleet was carefully escorted by British and French torpedo-boats and cruisers, and whilst the ships, which formed an imposing squadron, manoeuvred to their anchorage, and preparations were made for the landing, a number of British war-ships could be seen in the distance, cruising in every direction in front of the port. . . . The landing operations then proceeded with

order and method, under the eyes of a number of Greek soldiers, who had arrived almost at the same time from the Piraeus, in transports which were anchored near the opposite shore. Half an hour after the operations had begun the first gun-carriages were already being landed. The soldiers were put ashore in companies, and were immediately lined up, four abreast, and marched away, with drums beating, to the big camp prepared for them. . . . There was no demonstration whatever. . . . Now and then there were some remarks of admiration at the soldierly bearing of the French and British soldiers, and their fine equipment."

## DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEBENHAM, SWAINE, BRESFORD, BARNETT, HUGHES AND MULLINS, BASSANO, WRATHER AND BUTS, A. AND N. AUXILIARY C.S., ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND MAUL AND FOX.



Lieut. the Hon. Maurice Henry Dermot Browne was second son of the Earl of Kenmare. He was wounded earlier in the war, as, too, was his eldest brother, Viscount Castlerosse. Major J. C. Monteith was killed in action on September 30, and his brother, Lieut. W. N. Monteith, was killed five days before. Lieut.-Col. John R. E. Stansfeld, D.S.O., served with distinction in South Africa (despatches, D.S.O., medals, with eight clasps). Capt. John Fergusson Franks was mentioned in despatches, and received from the King the Military Cross. Major M. W. Henderson served with distinction in South Africa, (Queen's medal, with four clasps). Lieut.-Col. Arthur G. E. Egerton, commanding 1st Coldstream Guards, was the eldest son of the late Sir Alfred Mordaunt Egerton, K.C.V.O., C.B., Comptroller of the Household to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and of

the Hon. Lady Egerton, who is a sister of Lord Harlech and a Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught. Lieut.-Col. Egerton married Norah Fynvola, daughter of General Sir William Henry Mackinnon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. and Lieut. Leonard R. Burrows was second son of the Bishop of Sheffield and Mrs. Leonard Burrows. He was Captain of the Cricket Eleven in his last year at Charterhouse, and then went to Oriel College, Oxford. Lieut. C. D. M. Fowler was wounded at Ypres, went out again in June, and has been killed in action. His father, Lieut.-Col. V. A. Fowler, is serving in France. Lieut.-Col. Archibald S. Hamilton served with distinction in India, Central Africa, and British Central Africa, where he was severely wounded in 1895 (medal, with clasp), and in Waziristan, 1901-2 (despatches and medal, with clasp).



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "MAVOURNEEN," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

It will serve because it serves to reintroduce Miss Lily Elsie to the stage, and give her a telling part in drama which our forefathers used to describe as the "legitimate"; but we have had better things from Mr. Louis Parker than this story of his of an Irish hoyden pitchforked into Charles the Second's Court. For they are conventionalised, all of them, in "Mavourneen"—Charles himself, and Buckingham, and Castlemaine, and even Pepys. It is "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" over again—only with the wrong heroine. Nell might have shown those stockings and legs, just as she could have routed the courtiers and frail ladies with wit which in her case would have been broad. But Patricia, a pretty in the breeches in which she had run away from a hateful marriage, so gay with her Irish priest and nurse, so dashing in her sword-play—if need be, at the expense of her lover—is too engaging to have the escapades of a more reckless historical character than even Nell Gwyn foisted on to her innocence. Still, Mr. Parker gives audiences of His Majesty's the sort of sentimentalised pictures of history that have pleased Miss Julia Neilson's admirers; and Miss Elsie delighted everybody by exhibiting a pretty gift of comedy, and looking as bewitching in breeches as in skirts. Mr. Malcolm Cherry's King Charles, Mr. C. V. France's Irish priest, Miss Alice Crawford's Castlemaine, Miss Athene Seyler's pathetic Queen, and Mr. Reginald Owen's young lover are all in their different ways picturesque performances. Perhaps the play should be looked upon as a series of tableaux; it should film well.

## "STOP THIEF," AT THE NEW

If only because the members of the company work together with such harmony and regard for ensemble, there should be a good run for "Stop Thief," the newest of American "crook" plays. Besides, Mr. Carlisle Moore has got a neat idea for his farce. Thieves slipping into a house which is all awry owing to a coming marriage, and is littered with wedding presents—that is no novelty either of fact or invention. But suppose the servants to have gone on strike, the bride's mother to be deaf and father absent-minded, suppose the latter and the bridegroom so pliable that they are willing to believe themselves kleptomaniacs, and let the real "thief" pose as a detective, while his female



THE LYING IN STATE OF THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. BRIDGES, AT ST PAUL'S, MELBOURNE.

The Inspector-General of the Commonwealth Forces in the Dardanelles was a man to whom fear was unknown. He was mortally wounded at Gaba Tepe, and died on the hospital-ship *en route* to Alexandria, where he was interred. The remains were subsequently exhumed and taken to Melbourne to be accorded the honour of a State funeral.

(Photo. Darce, Melbourne.)



THE STATE FUNERAL OF A BRAVE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. BRIDGES PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MELBOURNE.

After the service in the Cathedral, at which Sir R. C. Munro-Ferguson, Governor-General of Australia, Sir A. L. Stanley, Governor of Victoria, and the Commonwealth and State Ministers were present, the funeral cortege of the gallant Australian General passed through crowded streets, lined with troops, to the station, whence the body was conveyed to Canberra for final interment.—[Photo. Darce, Melbourne.]

accomplice acts as lady's-maid, and you have as pretty a set of ludicrous complications as a farce-writer ever made sport with. That is Mr. Moore's plot, and it is only due to him to say that he keeps his puppets dancing all the while simultaneously: and that a cast which includes Mr. Percy Hutchinson, Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Volpe, Mr. Marsh Allen, Miss Gertrude Lang, and Mr. Haydon Coffin render him yeoman service. Mr. Coffin, by the way, reminds us, in a first piece, that he can still sing "Queen of My Heart" as charmingly as ever, and, with Miss Elsie Spain, revives other comic-opera memories of the past.

## "THE LITTLE ILIAD."

IF it were not for respect for Mr. Maurice Hewlett's record, and a grateful sense of all that he has contributed to the literary harvest of our generation, we should be tempted to deal with "The Little Iliad" (Heinemann) strictly according to its merits, which, to be frank, are scanty. An established novelist's new book is, however, a link in a chain, and the relation it bears to the chain is worth consideration. "The Little Iliad" is Mr. Hewlett as he might have been if Senhouse and his caravan had not tempted him to better things. We suspect it has been written in a forced mood, the result of a flight of fancy lacking the wings of inspiration. Its title would seem to indicate that Mr. Hewlett attaches an inflated value to the trifle, for though "little" is moderate enough, "Iliad" is the reverse. Sir Philip Burne-Jones's coloured illustrations are another disappointment; but that may not be the fault of the artist. Colour is not always easy of reproduction.

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## URODONAL

## RENEW'S YOUTH

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The human body is a delicate and complicated machine, whose regular functioning depends chiefly upon the regular circulation of the blood through the intricate maze of vessels—arteries, veins, and capillaries—of various calibre, and with elastic walls, the motive force being provided by the heart, whose principal function consists in pumping about 2500 gallons of blood

Unfortunately, the human machine, like any other machine, suffers from wear and tear. For numerous reasons, too lengthy to explain in detail, the composing materials become worn, while modifications, decomposition, and faulty assimilation occur, resulting in a quantity of waste products obstructing the free circulation of the blood, which is moreover loaded with the residue of incomplete or imperfect combustion. Circulation is more difficult on account of the blood being thus rendered viscid, and also because the vessels through which it passes become hardened by the impurities which are deposited, and are transformed into the semblance of "clay piping," thus offering greater resistance to its free circulation. The normal channels of elimination of these poisons also tend to become gradually less adequate to their functions. Lastly, the heart itself fails, either owing to its task being too heavy, and thus causing overstrain, or else, through being affected by sclerosis or fatty degeneration, in the same way as the vascular system (of which it is the terminus, as well as the dynamo), it becomes hardened and atrophied.

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## LITERATURE.

Travels East  
of Suez.

THE "Travels East of Suez" by H. H. Chase, and "The March of Education in India" by Mrs. Lewes Chase, are two books of travel, full of interest and observation, but neither of them is a book of the kind. The first is a description of the East, and the second is a description of the March of Education in India. The first is a book of travel, and the second is a book of observation. The first is a book of travel, and the second is a book of observation. The first is a book of travel, and the second is a book of observation.

ordinary globe-trotter, is indeed a feat. There is a brightness and vividness in these pages which bring the scenes vivid before the mind's eye with surprising realism. The easy, unconventional style, of course, accounts for much, but the author has a further merit: she sees the right things, and knows how to pick out details which come up before us the places she describes. She is equally happy in her description of people, and can tell a story with rare and quaint humour—the following may serve as an illustration. A European, whose native servant's wife died, expressed a hope that she did not suffer much, and was informed in reply: "No, Sahib; she sat up in bed, gave one big yell, and then mum's the word!" Here is a tale of Ceylon: "One lady wanted a woman as maid, and engaged a nice-looking person with smooth black hair neatly put up in a knot at the back, nice white jacket and skirt, and not for two months after did she find out that the individual was a man!" The march of education in India is brought home to us by the following lines far more forcibly than if chapters had been written about it: "A college education is thought a great deal of, even if no degree is obtained, as an advertisement is often seen in the papers for 'a failed B.A. with a knowledge of type-writing.' It is, unfortunately, among this class of failures, who are waiting about . . . for something to turn up that dissatisfaction and unrest are mostly to be found." The book abounds in descriptions of scenery, flora and fauna, and of the manners and customs of the natives, and is, moreover, very copiously illustrated.

A Voyage  
Through Brittany.

One of the main attractions of "A Vagabond Voyage through Brittany" (Hutchinson) is the series of admirable photographs taken by the author, Mrs. Lewes Chase. For the amusement of her text, she is largely indebted to the fact that neither she nor her husband ("Himself") knew anything whatsoever about a boat and its appurtenances when they started off in one, the *Fly*, from St. Malo, to pursue an adventurous and improving course from ignorance to knowledge and the Bay of Brest. The water route was close upon 120 miles, along which had to be negotiated 280 locks, and it is quite remarkable how, so far from being monotonous, the simple detailed narrative of the journey keeps our attention by constant variety of interest. A witty French acquaintance, referring to their inexperience, bade them *bon voyage* with the remark: "You are babes in the Wood: may you find the birds," and almost everywhere they did. Probably the birds had the reward indicated by the lock-keeper's wife whom they were thanking for the night's covering, when she said, "No! No! I find you very diverting." That, apparently, was how the children of Brittany found them also, for the crowds and curiosity of

these encountered by the voyagers make a subject for very pretty play again and again in Mrs. Chase's pages. From St. Malo, the itinerary (carefully scheduled, and here plotted on an excellent map by way of end-paper) was Dinan, Rennes, Redon, Rohan, Guerledan, Chateaufort, Brest, and occupied (not counting sundry sojourns by the way) twenty-eight days. Such a sojourn, except when they had anchored, their day's tow accomplished, was cut out of the programme, and we are spared the customary descriptions of churches and châteaux, with doubtful dates and unilluminating details. Sweet-smelling but rat-ridden haylofts, guest-chambers not always so fragrant and invaded by curious humans, in lock-houses, adventures with their tent, which they handled as inexpertly as their boat, experiments with the cooking-stove, the humours of the peasants, encounters with curés, the disports of a playful pig, rain, wind, and sunshine, coifs, costumes, and wooden shoes, the graces of children, the courtesies of hosts, and sometimes their disfavour—these and a thousand others as simple, are the elements of this quite charming record of a vagabondage in Brittany. The whole seasoned with endless good-humour.



A NEW ZEALAND V.C.: CORPORAL  
CYRIL ROYSTON GUYTON BASSETT.

Corporal Bassett, of the New Zealand Divisional Signal Company, won his Cross on the Chunuk Bair Ridge, in the Gallipoli Peninsula, on August 7 last. After the New Zealand Infantry Brigade had attacked and established itself on the ridge, Corporal Bassett, in full daylight and under a continuous and heavy fire, laid a telephone line from the old position to the new. At other times, he repaired lines by day and night, under heavy fire. (Photo. by Central Press.)

At a Court of Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance, held on the 20th inst., it was decided to pay, on Nov. 6, an interim dividend of £4 10s. per cent., less income tax, on the capital stock of the Corporation, in respect of the half-year ending June 30, 1915.



SOLD BY LORD SPENCER—IT IS SAID FOR £35,000:  
REMBRANDT'S "PORTRAIT OF A BOY."

It was announced recently that Lord Spencer had sold out of the famous collection at Althorp his "Portrait of a Boy" by Rembrandt, it is said for somewhere about £35,000. The canvas, which is neither quite finished nor signed, is 24 inches by 21 inches, and of about the year 1650. There is little doubt that it shows the artist's son Titus.

Bell's

THREE NUNS  
Tobacco

Of a character so pleasing, so fascinating, as to soothe the troubled spirit and entertain the worried mind.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 8<sup>d</sup>. oz.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES.

Medium,

4d. for 10.

No. 437

# **All that was left of it!**



*Just a small piece of*

## **Pears' Soap**

left behind by one lot of boys and commandeered by another,  
and, small as it was, it served them all, for washing and shaving

**Send them more. Don't let them go short**

It lasts twice as long as ordinary soaps, and lathers to the last particle

**DON'T FORGET to send a few tablets in your next parcel**

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," a facsimile of the world-famous picture by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 ins. by 19 ins., free from any advertising, will be sent post free on receipt of 10d. in stamps or postal order.

**A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.**

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**American Cars.** Any motorist passing over Blackfriars Bridge last week could have seen several lighters lying off the wharf on the Surrey shore of the Thames, loaded with huge packing-cases, each one of which contained an American motor-car. Lower down the river many similar sights of motor-vehicles and chassis waiting to be cleared from the quays and warehouses were visible. All these signs point to the fact that the duty upon imported cars will not bar their coming to this country if the users and buyers here ask for them. Prices are stated to have been advanced; but, as already stated, there are some hundreds of imported cars in the hands of the dealers that have not paid one penny of duty, so buyers should demand to see the Customs House receipts when purchasing such vehicles with an amount added to the price for duty. As to present prices, demand and supply will quickly settle the right figure the public should pay. As far as one can judge, the trade is in rather an unsettled state of mind as to how much the public will stand added to the amounts asked in the pre-duty days. Also, thanks to the writers on motoring matters, the reduction made in the prices for automobiles in the United States for 1916 models has informed this same public that

beyond, perhaps, an increase in freight charges, the cars can be landed here from that country cheaper than formerly, so that, even with the duty, the price should not be largely increased.

**Two-Stroke Engines.**

Nothing can be more pleasing to the mechanical-minded amateur motorist than to notice the improvement that has taken place in the two-stroke engine during the past three years. True, this has been applied to the motor-cycle and not to the bigger machine, yet finality in design is still a long way off, so I feel sure that the improvements now made will, in days to come, be applied to the motor-car when the success of the two-stroke motor-cycle is still further developed. Quite recently a writer in *Motor Cycling* stated that four-stroke practice has largely influenced two-stroke design. An example is the retention of the crank-case, one purpose of which in four-stroke design is to retain oil for the lubrication. True, the two-stroke designer has reduced it in size and has usually placed the fly-wheel outside, but it has occurred to few, seemingly, that it might be abandoned altogether, which, of course, the "petrol" system of lubrication makes easily possible. No one denies that the two-stroke motor has its disadvantages, but these will be overcome if engineers will work on new lines and thus achieve results at present hardly believed possible.

**Petrol Economy.**

The additional duty on petrol is certain to cause motorists to take further interest in the petrol consumption of their cars. According to a statement issued by the Zenith Carburettor Company, their device will save the whole of the petrol tax. According to their claim, a Darracq recently fitted with a Zenith carburettor is now doing twenty-eight miles to the gallon in place of twenty miles per gallon of petrol with its old one, while the car is five miles an hour faster. Of course, changing the carburettor does not suit every engine, but in very many cases improvements

are to be effected in the carburation devices. Even if so great an economy as instanced is not obtained, if one can get from three to five miles more out of a gallon of petrol the tax is wiped out in the less fuel consumed. Motorists are rather careless in regard to their petrol bills,



THE CAR USED BY GENERAL BOTHA DURING THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA:  
A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL OF THE "PRINCE HENRY" TYPE.

This car was used by General Botha during the trouble in South Africa, which, it will be remembered, soon came to a most satisfactory end. It is claimed to be the fastest in South Africa, and was purchased for the General by the Union Government.



FLOWN ON GENERAL BOTHA'S CAR DURING THE GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN: AN HISTORIC FLAG.

This flag was flown on General Botha's Vauxhall car (of the touring type) during the German South-West African campaign. It is nothing very elaborate (merely a cheap flag purchasable at any toy-shop for a few pence), but it is historic. Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., have it on view in their show-rooms, at Great Portland Street.

and especially in regard to new cars. First cost, after all, is not the greatest outlay in motoring, and some of the low-priced vehicles often cost more than the higher-priced ones if to their money-value is added the running cost per annum for, say, three years or so. This is a point that deserves more attention from the buying public, in these days of necessary economy, than formerly. It is certainly advisable to test the petrol-consumption, and also to discover whether the make of car about to be bought is "light" or "heavy" in its tyre-wear, both these items featuring largely in the annual running-costs bill. The success of the side-car and motor-cycle outfit has been due mainly to the small amount of petrol used and the lowness of the tyre-bills.

W. W.

## True Economy in Tyres.

To pay less than Firestone price is *false* economy; to pay more is extravagance. No amount of extra expense can build a better tyre; none can be made cheaper without skimping quality.

Firestone  
Non - Skid Tyres.

The Firestone tread is Non-skid in fact as well as in name. No other device has so many sharp angles gripping at one time. Firestone beads are built-in—not added—and they are soft-cored for easy manipulation. Firestone tyres are made in the world's largest exclusive tyre factory, and have fifteen years' reputation behind them. Why not give them a trial? Write for our fine illustrated book, "What's What in Tyres," post free from Firestone Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., 14-15, D'Arbly St., Great Marlborough St., W.

## Daimler

The Principal Unit  
of the Chassis is  
**THE ENGINE.**

THE impression that there is little to choose between high-class motors is fairly common, but the owner of a Daimler knows that ordinary comparisons do not apply to his car.

The Silent Sleeve-Valve Engine created a standard of its own—a superior class. There is no comparison in design or principle, and there is no comparison in the results.

Until you have driven a Daimler, it is unwise to generalise on the qualities of motors.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.,  
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London Showrooms 27-28, PALL MALL, S.W.  
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BIRMINGHAM. BRIGHTON. BRISTOL. CARDIFF. LEEDS. MANCHESTER. NEWCASTLE. NOTTINGHAM.

Signet Rings, Fob Seals,  
Desk Seals.

ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship  
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.  
Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

## RELIEF FOR ALL.

BROWN'S  
BRONCHIAL  
TROCHES.

Why not try these TROCHES for your fidgety cough? They are the old-fashioned remedy for the alleviation of COUGHS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA. They contain no opiate, and are much appreciated by Singers and Public Speakers.

Oakey's WELLINGTON  
Knife Polish

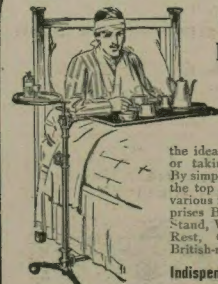
The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s. by Grocers, Ironmongers, Olives, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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Royal Dutch  
Cocoa**  
is the queen  
of all cocoas  
for strength,  
aroma, purity

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to

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FOOT'S  
"Adapta"  
Bed-Table.

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. By simply pressing a button the top can be adjusted to various inclinations. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed-Rest, Card Table, &c. British-made.

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(Patented)  
No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 10 6  
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Carriage paid in Great Britain. Write for Booklet A7

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,  
New Bond Street, London, W.

"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING."

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Per oz.  
 Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut } 7d.  
 Player's Medium Navy Cut - }  
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 PLAYER'S "WHITE LABEL"  
 NAVY CUT - - - - - 6d.



Regd. No. 154011.

Also Player's Navy Cut de Luxe  
 (a development of Player's Navy  
 Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz.  
 airtight tins at 1/6 and 3/-  
 respectively.

## PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf) MEDIUM.  
 100 for 3/8; 50 for 1/10 Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices. 100 for 3/-; 50 for 1/7  
 IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free  
 Rates. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P570

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland) Ltd.



Make  
 YOUR  
 HAIR  
 Beautiful

Nature intended your hair to be beautiful. When the natural oil which protects and beautifies the hair is deficient, it must be supplemented. Otherwise the hair will become dull, dry, and brittle; it will split at the ends and prematurely fall out. If you wish to make it beautiful, you must rub into the scalp

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

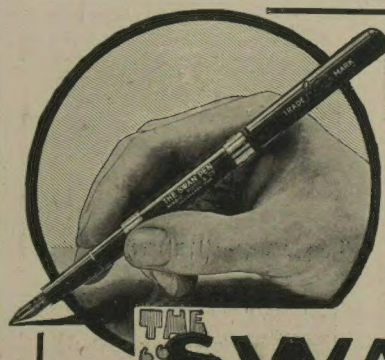
which flows quickly to the roots and affords the nourishment essential to the growth of luxuriant hair. Prepared in a golden tint for fair hair.

Sold in 3/6, 7/-, and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, or ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

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 have used this most economical  
 Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction.  
 A few drops produce a most refresh-  
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 Also put up in Powder form.  
**Absolutely BRITISH.**  
 Why not give it a trial?

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.  
**Goddard's  
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Sold everywhere 6d 1/4 2/6 &amp; 4/6.



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 FOUNTAIN PEN  
 YOU DON'T LIKE?

Let us allow for it towards a "Swan," which contains no internal mechanism to get out of order or take up ink space. Absolutely reliable and guaranteed satisfactory in every way.

Made in London and sold by all Stationers.  
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THE  
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Please write for Catalogue, and send old pen for quotation of allowance.  
**MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,** 79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.  
 BRANCHES: 18, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W.; 1, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brenzano's, 17, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.

## BRIGHTON RAILWAY The South Coast Watering Places

—WITH THEIR ADJACENT—  
**MAGNIFICENT DOWNS**  
 OFFER AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE  
 FOR THE CONTINENTAL WINTER  
 RESORTS AND PROVIDE ENTERTAIN-  
 MENTS, SUITED TO ALL TASTES.  
 Revitalising air, bright skies, and  
 highest winter sunshine records.

WEEK-DAY TRAINS TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.5, 11.0, 11.40 a.m.; 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10, 3.40, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.35, 9.5, 10.30 p.m.; 11.5 midht.; from London Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.35, 11.50 a.m.; 1.20 (Sats.), 2.0, 4.0, 5.40, 5.55, 7.20, 9.15, 10.30 p.m.
LEWES SEAFOORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.5, 11.15, 11.55 a.m.; 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, 9.15 p.m.; London Bridge 9.50, 11.50 a.m.; 1.15, 2.0, 4.15, 5.55, 6.55 (not Sats.), 6.30 (not Sats.), 7.20, 7.30, 9.15 p.m. * Not to Seaford. * To Lewes, Seaford and Eastbourne only. * To Lewes and Eastbourne only.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOCNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.15, 10.30, 11.05 a.m.; 1.45, 3.55, 4.55, 7.10 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.50 a.m.; 1.50, 4.00, 4.50, 7.15 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. * Not to Hayling Island.

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IN TUBES,  
 1s. 6d. & 3s. each.  
**LLOYD'S**  
 THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**  
 FOR EASY SHAVING.  
 WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.  
 The Label of the ORIGINAL and  
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 Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow  
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 MARK—  
 R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors,  
 bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and  
 goodwill, from the Executor of the late A. S. Lloyd.  
 The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.  
 From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.  
 Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd.,  
 Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

**"It Worked  
 Like a Charm"**  
 writes a clergyman who  
 had suffered from Asthmatic  
 affection for fifty years.  
 At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

## LADIES' PAGE.

SO one brave Englishwoman, Nurse Cavell, has paid with her life—taken deliberately by German bullets—for endeavouring to help her own nation while living in the midst of the enemy; and three others, Frenchwomen, were sentenced to death for the same offence. While the very air hums with stories of heroism, of patriotism, and contempt for death, there can be no security for permanent remembrance of any one brave deed; yet there is something special about Nurse Cavell's fate that may preserve her name and fame amidst all the rest. This conspicuous proof of the courage and self-devotion of women may help, too, to maintain in the memory of man all that members of our so-called timid sex have done in facing all sorts of peril in this war. There are many women daily driving ambulances under fire, women nursing in hospitals in districts whence every young woman but a short time before was carried away beyond the German lines, women daring the fever that is one of war's odious weapons. Such a sacrifice of a brilliant life in its prime as was made (for one instance only) by Mrs. Percy Dearmer, the only really successful poster-artist yet amongst Englishwomen, and also the author of a much-admired children's play, who went to nurse in Serbia and died there of typhus, is exactly comparable, morally, with the multitudinous valiant deeds that our brothers-in-arms are daily writing upon history's page.

One may even ask, do you find cowardly panic amongst the ordinary everyday women of your homes when evil assassins, secure in their high altitude from personal harm, pour down death on civilian men and women, and on children sleeping in their beds? No; usually none. Only the inevitable shocked alarm in the sudden presence of imminent peril to life and limb. There was no panic, as distinguished from natural apprehension, I have been assured, amongst the hundreds of women in what the Censor pleases to call "a crowded building," where the portico outside was actually struck, and the windows all around shattered, and people in the street killed. I was in a house about two miles from this scene, and I know what happened there. When, in the silence of the evening, the guns suddenly spoke, and we three ladies knew that a Zeppelin was above us, we disobeyedly went to the front door to see; we looked for a while at the glinting silver shape, twisting now in, now out, of the starlight and searchlight, in the height of the sky; and then we just went in and resumed our former occupations. I have heard first-hand the story of how a lady opened her room door to see the mistress of the house and two of her maids carrying down the stairs another woman with blood streaming over her white gown—not just forsaking her

and fleeing, you observe. During the Scarborough bombardment, a party of schoolgirls carried on a mattress supported in sheets a sick teacher along four miles of road to seek refuge for her in a secluded vicarage. Yes, indeed, women have proved on every side and in every way their courage and coolness and their self-devotion in the fullest measure. May it not be forgotten!



A BECOMING HAT.

A new and becoming high-crowned sailor, in black hatter's plush, trimmed with black corded ribbon mount, edged round with black-dyed fur. (At Debenham and Freebody's.)

Perfume is a real comfort to sensitive, overstrained nerves, and there is one recently introduced which is so sweet and delicate that it deserves special attention from the nerve-restoring point of view. This is Wana-Ranee, a distinctive and fascinating scent extracted from Ceylon spices and blossoms by those leading British

perfume manufacturers, Messrs. J. Grossmith and Son. More than a perfume to spray on the handkerchief is required to have the effect of it in the toilet successfully carried out, and Messrs. Grossmith have realised this fact, and produced a harmony of fragrance—toilet-water, dental-cream, face-powder, soap, bath-crystals, sachet, and cachous—all impregnated with the same delicious, refined, and reviving perfume of Wana-Ranee, and all prepared from the finest ingredients.

High collars reaching to behind the top of the ears, such as used to be worn some years ago, seem to be much made again; they are protective and becoming too. Of course, they are high only at the back of the head, some being cut down abruptly, Napoleon fashion, under the ears; while others are made sloping down from back to front to accommodate the chin. In fur on coats, these tall collars compete with the plain, close-fitting, all-round neck-band of fur, or *four-de-con*. The fur collar on a fur coat, whichever shape be chosen, is generally of a different variety of peltry from the garment itself—in fact, this is one of the characteristics of a new coat. Opossum, at one time (like squirrel) considered only suitable for linings, is now elevated to the rank of a fashionable fur, and the pretty full grey fur is a pleasing relief to a dark coat, as sealskin, dyed musquash, or pony skin. The latter, by the way, is wonderfully well imitated in woven cloth for those who do not feel any objection to going about in a simulacrum of something far more costly. The virtue of fur, moreover, does not consist merely in being costly; it is capable of turning a cold wind as no fabric can be, and it combines warmth and comparative lightness in equally incomparable fashion. But when we cannot afford fur, it is a question of private feeling whether we will don some imitation of the too costly peltry, or whether we will frankly wear a woven wool material in preference. It is certain that at present anybody who wishes can find imitation pony-skin that defies detection except at the very closest of close quarters. This is expensive—a really good and glossy "ripple cloth," as the trade call the imitation, costs a guinea a yard—but that is little compared to the real skin's price. Then there are much cheaper, but rather horrid, imitations also on sale. Quite unobjectionable is an economical idea that has been revived from past times—to wit, to make muffs and throatlets of some fabric and just edge them or trim them with some bands of real fur. A melon-shaped muff of black mirror-velvet lined with white-satin, the gathered ends of the lining drawn back and edged with a line of Kolinsky sable, accompanied by a tie with jabot ends similarly lined and trimmed, is a really distinguished example. But simple woollen materials—duvety, gaberdine, or cashmere, or velveteen or millinery velvet, or a bit of brocade or moiré silk—can equally well be used for muff and throatlet, with fur edgings or bands applied, and will be up-to-date and stylish.

FILOMENA.

RELIABLE  
FURS

AT SPECIAL PRICES.

REAL MUSQUASH FUR COAT, as sketch, designed and made by our own highly skilled Furriers from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The shape is quite new, being cut in full lines. The collar is of rich dark Skunk Fur, and the lining of good Fancy Silk.

SPECIAL PRICE **16½ Gns.**

Similar Coat, extra full shape, with Skunk collar and Cuffs ... 25 Gns.  
Similar Coat, with Skunk collar and cuffs and deep flounce ... 39 Gns.

## GIFTS FOR SOLDIERS.

SLEEPING BAGS in waterproof khaki (will, lined fur, light and warm, to fold in small compass, from 5 Gns.  
KHAKI ALL-WOOL BRITISH WARM COATS, from 6 Gns.  
LEATHER WAISTCOATS, lined reliable fur, from 6/9/6.  
FUR WAISTCOATS in Natural Nutria, lined flannel, with leather backs, 6 Gns.  
FUR ENGADINE CAPS, in various furs, from 21/-.

Debenham  
& Freebody.Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for ValueWhy not  
send him this

fine Waltham wristlet watch? Strong, neat, durable, a most reliable timekeeper which your soldier friend or relative will be able to depend upon in the trenches and on the march. Thousands worn by officers and men on Active Service. Be sure to buy a Waltham, not just "a watch." Made by the world's most famous watchmakers.



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Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

WALTHAM WRISTLETS IN SILVER CASES.

For Gentlemen.				For Ladies.			
Maximum	£11 15 6	No. 165	£4 16 3	Maximum	...	...	£11 11 3
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ALSO IN GOLD AND ROLLED GOLD CASES.

**FREE.** SEND TO-DAY FOR WALTHAM WATCH BOOKLET AND WRISTLET WATCH PAMPHLET.  
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Linen that  
Wears Well

Robinson & Cleaver's Pure Irish Linen is always delightful to use, and improves after washing, consequently it is cheaper to buy in the long run. Purchase now, while we can still supply at pre-war prices.

## TOWELS.

H & H.—A medium quality Hemstitched Linen Face Towel, Fancy border. Can be supplied in either Huckaback or Diaper. Size 24 x 41 in. Per dozen, 26/9.  
H & D.—A medium quality Hemstitched Linen Face Towel. Fancy and Stripe design. Can be supplied either in Huckaback or Diaper. Size 24 by 41 in. Per dozen, 26/9.  
H & S.—A useful quality Hemstitched Linen Face Towel, with Shamrock

border. Can be had in either Diaper or Huckaback make. Size 24 x 41 ins. Per dozen, 26/9.

## HANDKERCHIEFS.

No. 40—Ladies' Fine Linen Hand-Embroidered Monogram Handkerchiefs. Can be had in any two-letter combination. About 13 in. square, with 3-16th in. hems. Per dozen, 7/9.  
No. 9 K.—Gentlemen's Khaki Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 20½ in. square, with ¼ in. hems. Per dozen, 5/7.



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